



No. 276.—Vol. XXII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1898.

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MISS EDNA MAY IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



## WHAT THE WAR IS DOING.

Every day for the past week the papers have given us from six to eight columns of matter about the war, but not until Saturday was the exact state of matters made clear. And then it was a story of dread disaster for Spain, for all the Spanish ships had been smashed or sunk and Spain

had lost 1000 men, while America escaped with few casualties. Cavité fort was pulverised and surrendered, but Admiral Dewey had not men enough to occupy the city, but kept his ships moving at long range, and the Spaniards, being mainly on the defensive, were easy targets for the superior American guns. The Spanish officers and men fought splendidly, but, with obsolete ordnance, it was all in vain.

Martial law was proclaimed in Madrid on the 3rd, and on the next day a state of siege had to be declared in Valencia. Rioting subsequently took place in Oviedo, Toledo, and other districts owing to the rise in the price of food-stuffs. The Spanish Government have taken measures

to combat the evil in the way of prohibiting the export of grain and relieving imported "necessaries" from the usual duties, but only a more energetic war policy and some appearance of success can alleviate the strain on the law-breaking propensities of the public. More recently one newspaper propounded the startling intelligence that the Queen Regent was about to "fly" to Austria; but, as this movement was not to be executed till her son's interests had been safeguarded, the information did not come to much. The chase and capture of the *Lafayette* has been a grain of wheat in a whirlwind of chaff, and further events of the same kind may lead to international questions and more material for arbitration. The far-reaching consequences of the war have been brought home to persons desirous of corresponding with the Cubans by the Postmaster-General announcing that they were free to choose their route and he would "carry out their directions." Considering the luck of the *Lafayette*, intending letter-writers will do well to "superscribe" their epistles "per blockade-runner." Another matter which has affected British interests has been the proposal to swell the war revenue by a substantial increase in the tonnage duties payable by foreign vessels. As this would

have pressed most harshly on our shipping, and, as our sympathy and support are of the first importance to the United States, the mere suggestion of this tax was inauspicious, and later reports say that it will not be proceeded with. When there was no news from Manila or of the Spanish fleet, we had reports of mysterious vessels heading in this or that direction through the darkness, of riots, explosions, and murders in many parts of the Spanish dominion. In addition to this there has been much futile speculation as to what the States will do with the Philippines or with Hawaii after the war is over, but as a matter of fact the actual events of the past week cannot be known or estimated for some time to come.

Across the Atlantic the effects of the war have not stopped short at a social blight in American festivities. Gay doings present and proposed have been in many cases vetoed or postponed to that indefinite future which the cessation of hostilities can alone determine. All yachting fixtures are, of course, thrown overboard, and racing-men, too, have other things to think of. The golden youth of the Naval Reserve and that extra smart Troop A, composed of "dudes and dancing-men," have left ball-rooms and bright eyes behind for the summer mobilisation on Hempstead Plains, while, along the coast, cottage-owners at Narragansett and Bar Harbour find these hitherto favourite abodes of fashion likely to be left on their hands, in view of possible Spanish shells and Señors; while, last of all, the Coaching Club, by which young America sets so much store, has abandoned its annual parade, and New York has become for the nonce quite a "serious" city, instead of the gay-cosmopolitan place it usually is.



ADMIRAL DEWEY.

No. 17.



## CORRESPONDENCE FOR CUBA

IN consequence of the War between the United States and Spain, communication with Cuba is interrupted. In these circumstances letters &c. for Havana and other places in that island will be detained in the Post Office and will not be sent forward till some opportunity for their safe transmission arises. If, however, any letters &c. are superscribed to be sent by a particular route, the Postmaster General will carry out the directions of the senders, although he has no ground for supposing that the letters will secure earlier delivery in consequence.

By Command of the Postmaster General

GENERAL POST OFFICE,

3rd May 1898.

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## HOW THE WAR AFFECTS ENGLAND.



SOME CUBAN REBELS.



THE BOMBARDED TOWN OF MANILA.



LA ESCOLTA, THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF MANILA: THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S CARRIAGE IN CENTRE OF ROAD.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. C. PERIAM.



MANILA, LOOKING TOWARDS THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER PASIG: TAKEN FROM THE WALLS OF THE OLD CITY.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MR. W. W. RANKIN.



## WHO WILL LEAD THE LIBERAL PARTY IN THE FUTURE?

IS IT TO BE SIR EDWARD GREY?

Who is to be the future leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons? Does he sit on the front bench, or is he biding his time on a back seat? If there is a mute Gladstone in the shadow of the side gallery, his existence is unsuspected. No man of genius or of great political capacity has been revealed among the new members of the present Parliament. The prospects of the "old gang" continue, therefore, to be discussed, though their merits fail to excite enthusiasm in any quarter. Sir William Harcourt is aging fast. He takes little part

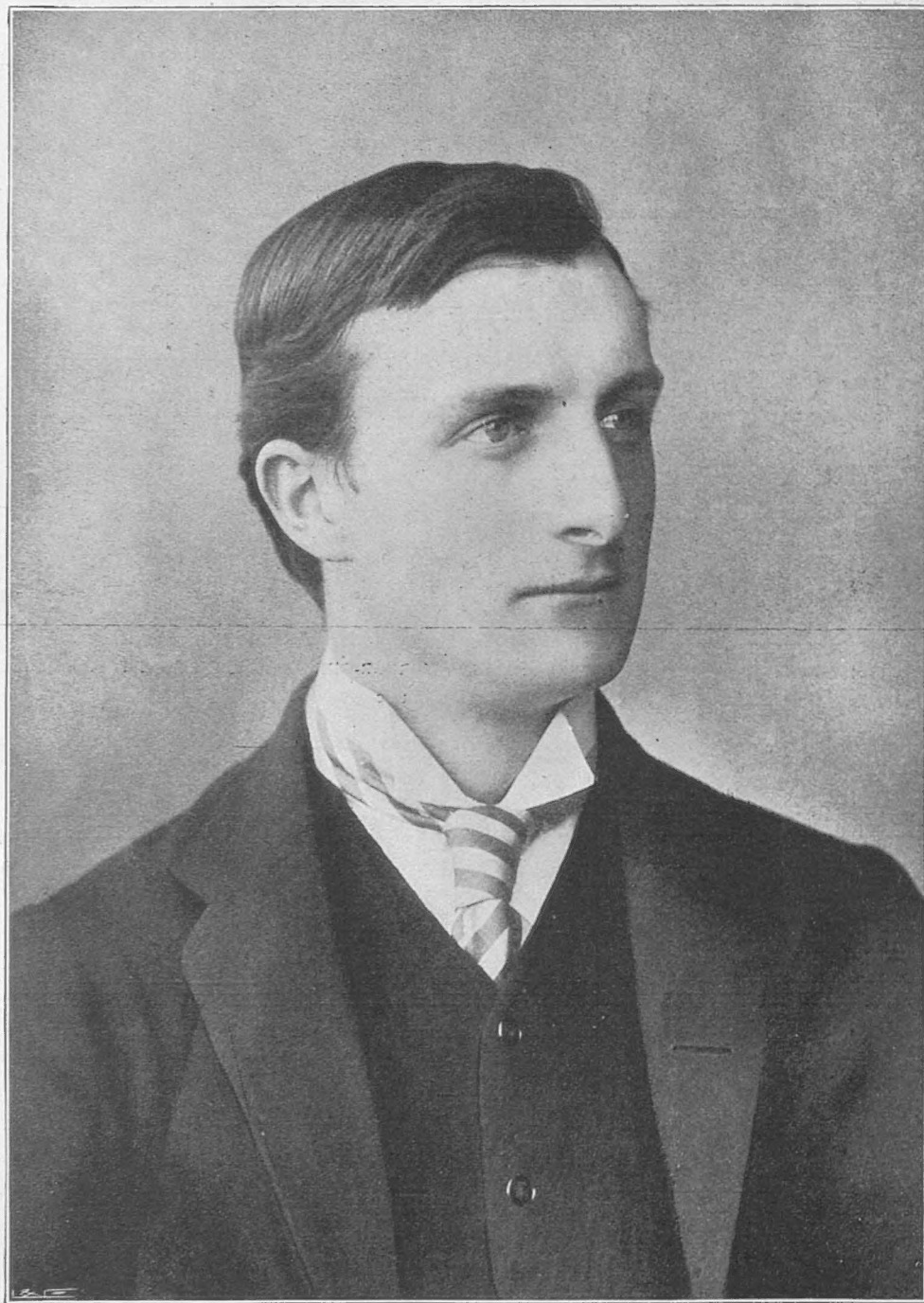
in the platform battle, and his leadership of the Opposition lacks spirit. Mr. John Morley, who is Sir William Harcourt's most confidential colleague, and who acts for the leader in his absence, has fallen short of the high expectations which he excited ten or twelve years ago. His temperament is tuned to the study, not to the rough world of Parliament; he is a bookman whom politicians welcome, just as they welcome Mr. Lecky or Professor Jebb, as a distinguished outsider; his speeches, as a rule, are essays; his touch with the House is not sure, he cannot keep pace with its rapidly changing moods, and when pressed in debate by small Parliamentary points he fidgets and becomes irritable. With his many fine qualities, it must be said that even if he had no other defect he would be handicapped in the Parliamentary race by his impatience with the commonplace. Mr. Asquith also has been weighed in the balance at St. Stephen's and found wanting in some of a leader's qualities. His aptitude for Parliamentary life is thorough enough; he is as keen and prompt as Mr. Chamberlain, and can meet the Colonial Secretary in debate; he makes smart, crushing speeches, and he has proved a strong administrator. Yet one thing he lacks—he has not sympathy. There is not in his character the magnetism which attracts other men. A high place in any Liberal Cabinet is assured to Mr. Asquith, but, as a leader, he is not the ideal of any section of Members.

In the Members' entrance to the House of Commons have been recently placed the busts of two past leaders—Mr. W. H. Smith and Lord Randolph Churchill. The characters of these men, both popular and successful leaders, were as wide apart as the poles. If the Liberals wish to be led by a statesman of the plain type of Mr. W. H. Smith, they may turn to Sir Henry Fowler or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Either would make a useful pilot, if not a great captain. Few men can set forth the facts and figures of a case more ably and effectively than Sir Henry Fowler; a discreet man, with convictions, he possesses high personal character and some of Mr. Gladstone's moral earnestness. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the "C. B." of his colleagues, is a man of the world, with tact, shrewdness, and dry humour. His good-nature enables him to get on with everybody. He does not shine as a debater, nor is he an orator, but he knows the House of Commons by instinct, and the House likes him. The corner seat below the gangway, from

which Lord Randolph Churchill so often rose in Fourth Party days, is occupied, whenever Mr. Labouchere is absent, by Sir Charles Dilke. If Sir Charles were placed on the front bench the Liberals might be sure of well-informed, constant, energetic, courageous leadership. He is always at his post, and has immense stores of information.

The eye glancing along the front Opposition bench alights on Sir Edward Grey. One would turn to look at his boyish face anywhere. It is the face of a man of intellectual power. It is

believed by competent observers that he possesses the qualities of a leader, and that some day, if his ambition burn brightly enough, he may take the chief place on the green benches. Well as he has already done in office and in debate, his friends anticipate he will yet do much better. There are those who say—and he is the only subordinate occupant of the front Opposition bench of whom Members venture to say—"Here is a future Prime Minister." The grandson of Sir George Grey, who was several times Home Secretary, and the grand-nephew of Earl Grey, of Reform Bill fame, Sir Edward, whose father was Equerry to the Prince of Wales, inherits political instinct and talent. He had scarcely attained his majority when he became private secretary to Sir Evelyn Baring (now Lord Cromer), and he acted in the same capacity to Mr. Childers at the time the latter was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Entering Parliament at the age of twenty-three years, he made some stir at an early period of his career by his independence on the question of Irish Land Purchase. He was only thirty when Mr. Gladstone appointed him, in 1892, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. As his chief was in the House of Lords, his position was very important, and it became particularly delicate when Lord Rosebery succeeded to the Premiership. Sir Edward Grey had to



SIR EDWARD GREY.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

expound a policy with which it was suspected Lord Rosebery's principal colleague did not always sympathise. He did the work which then fell to his hand with courage as well as with propriety, and since he crossed the floor he has spoken with recognised authority for the Opposition on foreign affairs. Although his style is restrained, his speeches are usually impressive and effective. Once he was announced to address a meeting of Northern miners who were keen Radicals. Instead of giving them a slashing harangue, Sir Edward spoke sedately on foreign affairs, yet his manner was such that the audience listened with deep interest.

Even Members who have had no special opportunity of testing Sir Edward Grey's capacity are impressed by the appearance which he gives of reserve power. Behind that face they think there must be deep forces. Instead of thrusting himself forward, he has had to be pushed. Other influences may compete with the attractions of St. Stephen's. Sir Edward loves the fresh air. The life of a country gentleman, which proved so tempting to Sir George Trevelyan, may appeal even to Sir Edward more than the life of a Parliamentarian.



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## IS FIJI PREPARED?

The fate of Manila not unnaturally may make some of us wonder how some of our own distant colonies might fare in the event of any sudden declaration of war. Writing from Fiji, a correspondent says that in Suva they have been very anxious about the war rumours (he is, of course, referring to our Far Eastern problem, and the letter is some weeks old). He goes on to point out the defencelessness of their position, as a vessel with forty or fifty determined fellows on board could, he declares, land and loot the whole place. There are no guns in Suva, or, to be exact, there are two old cannons (not on stocks) which were taken from a wreck many years ago, and have been lying in a damp place on the ground ever since. Suva, however, has a rifle association with about a dozen members, and the material of the rising generation is good enough to be worked effectively with time and drill. This hardly sounds cheerful in case of an emergency.

One of the most popular of Hertfordshire magnates has just gone over to the majority in the person of Mr. Robert Dimsdale, who was more familiarly known in that county, in the City, and in the House of Commons, where he sat altogether for some thirteen years, as Baron Dimsdale. This title has not infrequently excited the wonder of the uninitiated as to the source from which it was derived. The honour was a Russian one, and the worthy gentleman who has just passed away was the sixth holder of it. The Dimsdale family is an ancient one, and the clever doctor who won the honour of the Russian barony was a grandson of a Dimsdale who accompanied William Penn to America. He had already distinguished himself in this country and retired when, in 1762, he was invited by the Empress Catherine of Russia to take the then arduous journey to her capital to inoculate her and her son with small-pox. The physician consented, and with what success he carried out his mission may be judged by the amplitude of his fee—a barony, a solid £10,000 (equal, probably, to some £30,000 to-day), and an additional £2000 for travelling expenses.

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THE LITTLE MINISTER, by J. M. Barrie.

MATINEES TO-DAY and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

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## SMALL TALK.

My appeal for the keeping of St. George's Day has drawn forth several letters from correspondents. The Belfast English Association are enthusiastic about the matter, and followed my suggestion. On St. George's Day the Association held a special meeting, at which Mr. H. J. Newbold, who helped to found the Association seven years ago, proposed the toast of the evening. Said he—

That excellent illustrated journal *The Sketch* has recently reminded Englishmen throughout the world (for it must be a very remote district indeed to which *The Sketch* does not penetrate) that, were they fully conversant with the dignity and grandeur of the deeds performed in the name of St. George, his name would be honoured and his day kept in remembrance wherever the flag of Britain holds sway. I disclaim any desire, gentlemen, to place our patron Saint on a higher pedestal than St. Patrick of Ireland or St. Andrew of Scotland, but I do claim that St. George is, at least, deserving of recognition by Englishmen all the world over, wherever their lot may be cast, however exalted or humble their position in life may be.

The President of the Association, Mr. Walter Bailey, in replying, gave a very interesting sketch of St. George's career. I wish the Association every success in its celebration of England's Patron Saint.

There have been many close matches in the Parliamentary golf handicap. Some members have much improved since last year, and the competition is a very open affair. Mr. Arthur Balfour has been playing well, in spite of Foreign Office troubles. Having beaten Mr. E. W. Beckett, M.P., in the first round, he defeated another Parliamentary supporter, Colonel Sanderson, in the second, although the witty Colonel had previously beaten Mr. John Penn, M.P., a scratch player. Lord George Hamilton had an easy victory over General Russell, who took to the game quite recently. The Indian Secretary, whose handicap is 14, drives a long ball. Another Cabinet Minister, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, was put out in the second ties by a clerk of the House of Lords. He was defeated, however, only by one hole. With the same narrow margin Sir Robert Finlay and the Lord Advocate won their matches, in each case against "a member of the Press Gallery." There are still several journalists in the game. Mr. A. J. Robertson, the editor of *Golf*, a recognised organ of the game, gave a severe beating to Mr. Shepherd Cross, M.P., and Mr. J. S. Robb, a Scotch journalist, playing a steady game at Mitcham, defeated Mr. George Whiteley, M.P. Among the peers who did well in the second round were the Earl of Chesterfield, the Earl of Kinnoul, and the Earl of Dudley, each defeating a member of the House of Commons. The Front Opposition Bench has lost its most promising representative by the defeat of Mr. Herbert Gladstone. Although a comparatively new player, Mr. Gladstone has mastered the game so thoroughly that his handicap stands only at five. He won easily in the first round against the Assistant Clerk of Parliaments, but on meeting Mr. Tollemache, M.P., who had to allow him two strokes, he was beaten by 4 holes up and 3 to play.

Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles may be told, as the Duke of Devonshire says he has been told by the candid stranger in the provinces, "Oh! I knew you quite well from your pictures in the comic papers." Few members have attracted more notice from the caricaturists who flourish in the House of Commons. Mr. Bowles is regular in attendance, and allows scarcely a sitting to pass without seeking the Speaker's eye, and proving the sharpness of his tongue as well as the variety of his information. Courage is among his most conspicuous virtues. He neither fears his opponents nor spares his friends. There has been a dead-set against him recently to keep him out of his corner seat. The corners are much sought after by members who take themselves seriously. Not only are they easy to get into and away from, but they give the occupant a sort of distinction. Mr. Healy is a corner man, so is Mr. Labouchere, and so is Mr. James Lowther. One could not imagine these gentlemen elsewhere. Mr. Courtney and Sir William Hart-Dyke, as members of previous Governments, have established a claim to corners on the Unionist side, while Mr. Lough and Mr. John Ellis dream of office from Opposition corners. Of all the corners the most privileged is that on the bench immediately behind the Ministers. It has been occupied by many famous men.

This is the corner which Mr. Bowles has occupied during the present Parliament. It gives him a commanding view of the Government, and one can pardon him for looking on the Treasury Bench with some bitterness. Knowing more about foreign affairs than Mr. Curzon, and much more about ships than Mr. Austen Chamberlain, he has to contemplate these gentlemen in offices which he might have filled with so much profit to the nation. But what must be specially galling to Mr. Bowles is the spectacle of Mr. Hanbury at ease on the Treasury Bench. In opposition they were companions together, and fought many a stout fight. Yet here is the one sure of a front seat, while the other has to struggle for a back corner. Strange, indeed, are the ways of Prime Ministers! During the last few weeks the House of Commons has seen Mr. Bowles rise from an undistinguished seat below the gangway. At first the House was amazed, and then it was amused. The change was not voluntary on Mr. Bowles's part. It seems that some of the Conservatives who know so much less than himself and who do not lecture the Government have conspired to keep him out of his corner. Instead of walking in at any hour to find the seat vacant, he can only obtain it now by coming down very early. 'Thus is ability rewarded!'

Corner members like Mr. Bowles can ill be spared. The gaiety of parties will be eclipsed on that inevitable day when he rises at the table to read out formal answers prepared by Civil Servants.

The great Lord Cochrane, with whom I dealt the other day, seems to belong to quite an out-of-date world, and yet I have received a letter from a correspondent who recalls a scene in the presence of the Greek Provisional Government, sitting at Poros, in 1827, when, "amid the shadows cast by the luxuriant lemon-groves, Lord Cochrane pledged his fealty to the Greek cause, and, raising his right hand to heaven, in witness of his loyalty, accepted the principal position in their Naval Service. Great and prompt deeds were expected of him, and might have borne fruit had not events proved futile. From the conferences at Poros originated the future Monarchy of Greece. On that day, Captain Hamilton, H.M.S. *Cambrian*, and three or four of his officers, were present—all, save one, now in their rest."

The death of Dr. Thomas Morrison, Rector of the Free Church of Scotland Training College, Glasgow, removes an educationist whose position was not only unique from the circumstance that he had held it for the long period of forty-seven years, but equally from the fact that he was one of four brothers, born in humble circumstances in a rural district of Morayshire, each of whom attained distinction in the educational world.

Dr. George Morrison, a younger brother and father of Dr. G. E. Morrison, the Peking Correspondent of the *Times*, was at the time of his death in March last Principal of Geelong College. Another brother is Principal of the Scottish College, Melbourne, and another, Dr. Donald Morrison, is Rector of Glasgow Academy.

From time to time I have drawn attention to the remarkable progress that illustrated art-journalism has made within the last few years. A great advance has been made by the *Artist*, which appears with an excellent Academy number this month. The pictures are beautifully reproduced, and they are put together with instinctive skill which artists will appreciate. The special plates, in colours, illustrations of Sir E. Burne-Jones and Mr. J. C. Dolman, are perfect.

Miss Ellen Rose has been crowned Queen of the May this year by her sister-students at Whitelands College, Chelsea. On the great day last week the students, to the number of over a hundred and fifty, wearing white dresses trimmed with gold ribands and crowned with garlands, assembled in the large hall, which had been suitably decorated for the occasion. Here the "Queen" for the past year abdicated, and her successor, who had been chosen for the position by "popular election," was enthroned. A procession was formed, headed by the "Queen" and several of her colleagues who in past years had held the same position. On taking her seat on the throne, the "Queen" was presented with the gold cross which is annually given by Mr. Ruskin. The festivities concluded with the distribution among the students of a number of volumes of Mr. Ruskin's works, which are annually presented by the author.



THE MAY QUEEN AT WHITELANDS COLLEGE, CHELSEA.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.





THE CHARMING MISS ETHEL HAYDON, WHO HAS BECOME MRS. GEORGE ROBEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



My Parish of St. Clement Danes became quite giddy the other day, when two young people who have made me often laugh, Miss Ethel Haydon, of the Gaiety, and Mr. George Robey, of the 'Alls, became man and wife. Miss Haydon is an Australian who made her first appearance in town in "The Lady Slavey," at the Avenue. Mr. Robey I regard as the legitimate successor of Dan Leno in days as yet far off, I hope. He is very clever, in a snappy way.

If blushing bridegrooms could voice their sentiments on the auspicious day, it would doubtless be to the effect that marriage was one thing but weddings another, and the latter but merely accessory to the former. Daughters and mothers-in-law will never allow that, however, now most of all that silver is cheap and presents an unwritten law. To the proud but furtive husband, desirous of getting over the inevitable in as short a space as may be, privacy is, perhaps, logic. But how about the display, the excitement, the crowd, the presents, all so inseparable from the sacrifice as regarded from feminine standpoints? Clearly the disposal of her wedding-day is first among the rights of woman, and will remain the last long after her newly acquired sceptre has come to be laid aside as too heavy for all except platform occasions.

Meanwhile, when the houses of Mecklenburg and Denmark were recently united, a great foregathering naturally took place at Cannes, all the more that it is so unusual for princes in direct succession to be married out of the country over which they shall in future reign. The Riviera, as a central pivot around which Royalty from all parts now annually revolves, brought illustrious consignments from all corners of the compass, however, and Prince Christian and the Duchess Alexandrine had a most representative assemblage of royal relatives on their wedding-day. It rained with a will, and the crimson velvet, gold-embroidered baldaquin at the church-door was soaked through, one noticed, as the guests waited in the vestibule for their carriages. Perhaps amongst them all the Crown Princess of Roumania, with her pretty face and petite style, looked most attractive. A beautifully embroidered white silk, over-sewn with a network of gold sequins, was her costume, crowned by a white chiffon hat and feathers to match. Grey was more worn than any other colour, Baroness de Charrette, Mrs. Tennant, Mrs. Brantingham, Mrs. Sharples, Mrs. Woodward, and Mrs. Walker being among the group of fair dames who patronised the colour. Princess Christian wore mauve as her going-away gown, another lovely gown of this colour being Miss Morier's mauve crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed with real Valenciennes. According to classic foreign fashion, the carriage in which the young pair travelled was lined with bouquets. Indeed, one wondered where they were to sit, so prodigal of tributes had been their well-wishers.

I have received the following letters from two different sources—

Granby Hotel,  
New Humberstone, Leicester.  
April 27, 1898.

SIR,—I have taken *The Sketch* for years, but have to-day given it up; it is so full of theatricals, and contains comparatively no war-sketches.—  
Yours truly,  
W. RICHARDSON.

1136, Sherbrook Street,  
Montreal,  
Canada.

DEAR SIR,—I do love *The Sketch*, with its numerous pictures of actors and actresses. It is quite my favourite paper.—Yours truly,  
HELEN J. H. GRIER.

Of course, the editor was never born who could please everybody, but I should like to remonstrate with Mr. Richardson over his aspiration for war-sketches. At the date of his letter not a single battle had taken place, and, in any case, war-sketches from a distance of some thousands of miles are not secured in a moment. I can only assure my correspondent that we have two photographers with the American Navy, and, if there is anything going, we shall not be found wanting. Meanwhile, *The Sketch* will not publish imaginary pictures, and will be exceedingly cautious concerning those pictures that it does publish. For example, it has received a number of illustrations of what are described as "The Victims of Spain's Horrible War of Extermination," and they purport to be photographs taken by the *New York Journal's* art staff now in the Island of Cuba. Under the title of "The Camera's Evidence of Starvation's Ravages in Cuba," the *New York Journal* has sent to all the London newspaper offices a set of the most horrible and terrible photographs—too horrible, in my judgment, to be reproduced, even accepting them as genuine. Although I note that the *Daily Mail* has reproduced some of them, I cannot quite make up my mind that these photographs are genuine; one or two of them have a remarkable similarity to pictures which purported to represent the Indian Famine some years ago.

The executors of Mr. James Payn cannot be congratulated on their arrangements for the sale of his literary treasures, and the public will be misled if they for a moment assume that the prices quoted in different papers at which his books were sold is the least criterion to their actual value in the book market. Sotheby's is the great place for the sale of this kind of thing, and Sotheby's catalogues are necessarily sent round to every bibliophile in the kingdom. That the manuscript of "Lost Sir Massingberd" should be sold for only £3 was quite absurd; it will certainly change hands for £25 at least, and every one of Mr. Payn's other manuscripts had a separate marketable value. One enthusiastic bibliophile writes to me, for example, to say that for three books alone he would readily have given £50, and they were actually knocked down for £8 at the sale, and he is prepared to give £50 more to the bookseller who bought them. Perhaps that gentleman will communicate

with me. The *édition de luxe* of the Queen's Life sold for three guineas, and it is worth £20 in any book-shop to-day. "The Strange Gentleman: a Comic Burletta," by "Boz," fetched about a sovereign; the last copy sold of this book realised £45 at Sotheby's. "The Lamplighter: a Farce," by Charles Dickens, went off in the same absurd fashion. All this is no reflection whatever upon the auctioneers, who, no doubt, are excellent people where rare editions of books are not in question.

Scottish titles are risky things to hold, to judge by the claimant-cases. Lord Lovat has twice passed through the ordeal of a long litigation, Lord Eglinton's title was queried recently by a Liverpool clerk, and now the Earldom of Caithness is in dispute. The Sinclairs are a very old family, and they got their earldom so long ago as 1455. The fourteenth Earl, who married as his second wife that very eccentric Spaniard, the Duchesse de Pomar, died in 1881, and his line became extinct in the person of his only son, who died unmarried eight years later. He left his estates to a friend, Mr. Heathcote, but the title went to an Aberdeen accountant, Mr. James Augustus Sinclair, who was a descendant of the third son of the fourth Earl (one of Bothwell's judges). Now there comes forward the Rev. John Sinclair, who is a minister of Kinloch Rannoch, descendant of the eldest son of the fourth Earl, thus—

George (Sinclair), Fourth Earl of Caithness.

I. John, Master of Caithness.

II. George, of Mey.

James.

George.

James.

Sir James.

David of Broynach,  
Ancestor of the Claimant.

Robert.

George.

The Accountant who became Sixteenth Earl.

The sixteenth Earl ceased to be an accountant when he became a peer. He died in 1891, and was succeeded by his son, who is a farmer in Dakota and unmarried. He would be succeeded by his second brother, a solicitor in Bedford Row, and his third brother recently received preferment from a curacy in Crouch End. There is little doubt that the claimant is descended from this David; but then David, while the father of a family (by his housekeeper), is said not to have married the lady! Hence the muddle of to-day, two centuries later!

"Every Man His Own Lawyer" is the title of a book which a solicitor once told me has been the means of producing many litigants.

"Every man his own soda-water maker" is the observation that suggests itself by an invention called the "Aëerator"; but, in truth, this useful article is not likely, nor intended, to supersede one's favourite Schweppe. Its value is in circumstances where the ordinary aerated water is not easily obtainable; it has a vast field of usefulness in its applicability to campaigning alone—under conditions where it is only safe to drink your water after it has been boiled. Boiled water is always flat, but with this simple contrivance, simple in its application, you can charge it with carbonic-acid gas, and, by adding a small lozenge, give it a soda, seltzer, or potass character. All you have to carry is one bottle, as shown in the accompanying picture, with the carbonic-acid gas in small steel pellets. Each of these contains sufficient for the one bottle, and the charging is a simple process, easily understood. The bottle is covered with fine wicker, so that there should be no danger if it burst in the charging, although this is not expected to be a likely contingency. A



THE "AËRATOR."

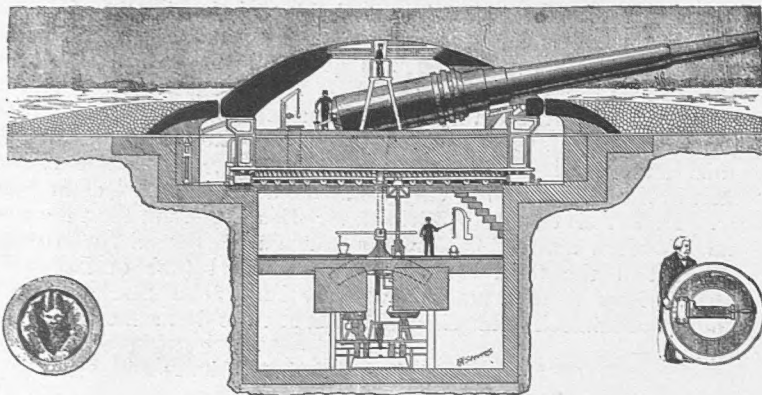
company has been formed to work this invention, and the price of your aerated water thus obtained will, it is said, be very moderate.

The manager of the London and South-Western Railway calls my attention to the fact that in the illustration of a third-class carriage on their line, containing a lavatory, which I published in my last issue, I missed somewhat the point of the special development of their train service. The London and South-Western have built a number of composite carriages, having two compartments of each class—first, second, and third—and each compartment has a separate lavatory. This is distinctly a specific advance in the luxury of railway travelling.

By the way, the London and North-Western Railway Company announce that the personal luggage of passengers proceeding to North Wales, the English Lake District, Morecambe, Blackpool, and other tourist resorts, can be collected from their residences, forwarded in advance of the owners' journey, and delivered at destination, the whole charge for this service being only 6d. per package.



"Better late than never!" The United States Government has recently taken in hand the erection of an enormous gun, which is to defend New York Harbour and which may be completed at any time within the next six months. It is to be mounted on an artificial base on Romer Shoals, between Sandy Hook and the East Channel (the Spanish War Office will kindly take notice of the precise location, if they have not



THE BIGGEST GUN EVER MADE: TO GUARD NEW YORK HARBOUR.  
Reproduced from the "New York World."

already done so). The gun is some 50 feet in length and weighs about 125 tons, its calibre is 16 inches, and it fires a shot (once in two minutes) of nearly 2500 pounds. As it costs (exclusive of depreciation) over £200 to fire this weapon, it will have to be carefully aimed, so as to do heavy damage at each shot; but, should it hit a Spanish vessel, the shot will go straight through and endeavour to cover as much more as possible of its sixteen-mile range.

Happening to be on the South Coast the other day (writes a friend of mine), I made a pilgrimage to Netley Hospital, situate three miles from Southampton, in order to see Piper Findlater. I found him seated by the fireside, in a large, airy ward, from the windows of which you could catch the shimmer of Southampton Water. Piper Findlater stands about five feet nine inches in height. Most of the time I was with him he sat at the fireside, with his wounded foot resting on the fender. He would probably have been more comfortable in bed, only that is always the most trying feature of a sick-room to anybody who has been accustomed to lead an active life. Once he rose from his chair and "hirpled" across to his camp bedstead, in order to search out, for my inspection, a photograph of himself and other Gordon pipers, taken in India some little time after Dargai. It was then I had an opportunity of estimating his height, as also of noting what a well-knit fellow he was altogether. Squarely built, broad-chested, a fresh face, grey eyes, hair something between dark and fair—that is Piper Findlater. He has been a soldier for about ten years—he 'listed at eighteen—but he still remains the rural Scotchman. You fancied him just the Caledonian who typifies what is simplest and strongest and best in Scotland—its rural folks. Findlater might still have been whistling to the lark as he took his pair of horses to the plough of a morning. Instead, he piped at Dargai, but you would have realised, as I did while talking with him, how readily the two things might be linked. The modesty, the simple faith, the kindly nature of Findlater all impressed me, and what I liked best of all was his smile. It was as natural, as frank, as the pucker on a child's face; it was quite boyish. His laugh did you good, and in itself was a reflection of his other qualities.

"Naething ava; jist fat onybody wid hae deen; a lot o' talk about little"—those were the kind of dampers that Piper Findlater threw upon my praise of his heroism at Dargai. They indicate his attitude in reference to the whole matter—his reluctance to be made a hero—and that is why I quote them. But introduce the name of Piper Milne, and Findlater would beat your praises of himself—he was all admiration. Of the two pipers, one, as we know, has been recommended for the V.C., the other for the distinguished service medal. What has impressed me most about Findlater's heroism was the manner in which it surmounted ordinary human nature. A wounded animal flies to shelter, and the same instinct holds in man—the instinct to lie down and die in peace. Or take it this way, that what is personal to you—say, a broken leg—simply drives every other consideration away. You forget everything but that broken leg. Well, Findlater rose sublimely above all this; his one thought was his tune, because that meant the battle and the victory. I asked him, "Didn't it need some resolution to keep piping after you were down?" "Weel," was the answer, "I jist play 't, and I play 't jist because I did." He had no more elaborate explanation to give me, and he laughed as he gave me that.

Surgeon-Captain B. Hopton Scott, of the Army Medical Staff, who was wounded so seriously in West Africa a few weeks back, is on his way home. In less stirring times more attention would be attracted by Dr. Scott's heroism. When he had been but a fortnight on the West Coast, he was ordered to accompany Major Norris's force as Medical Officer in charge, and, in the course of an engagement, his thigh-bone was broken by a slug, and a bullet inflicted a serious wound in the region of the heart, remaining imbedded near the left collar-bone.

Notwithstanding his injuries, he, being the only doctor with the expedition, attended to the wounded brought to him, and extracted many bullets, having himself to wait three days before he could receive medical aid, and that only after a long and painful journey by hammock and boat. Dr. Scott hopes that, by means of the X-rays, the bullets will be located and his sufferings relieved. He had previously seen service with the Chitral relief expedition.

The 1st Battalion of the Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians) will by the time this appears have settled down at Halifax, Nova Scotia. This is its first visit to Canada since it was raised there in 1858, and for the first time since its formation it will recruit in Canada, where its arrival is looked upon as a step towards its repatriation. The national emblem of the Maple-leaf has always been a badge of the regiment, despite its later association with Leinster. I notice that the National Artillery Association is sending out a team to take part in the Canadian Artillery competitions. Although the Canadians have frequently sent teams over here, this is the first time that the Mother Country has sent a Volunteer Artillery team to Canada.

It is announced that Sir Philip Currie, who is leaving Constantinople, will go to Rome, *vice* Sir Clare Ford, resigned, and that Sir Mortimer Durand, hitherto accredited to Teheran, will replace Sir Philip Currie. These changes in the Diplomatic Service will be watched with great interest, and, though at first sight they appear to give one Ambassador an easier place and the other a more difficult one, it must be seen that the responsibilities do not greatly vary. Russian progress in Asia and developments in Afghanistan will always make the position of English Ambassador to the Persian Court a very trying one, and Sir Mortimer Durand cannot be worse off in the neighbourhood of Yildiz Kiosk. I do not know the quarters of the English Ambassador in Teheran, but I do know those of the English Embassy in Constantinople, and they include a splendid city mansion and a summer palace on the Bosphorus, so that, in point of physical comfort, there is little to complain about. Sir Philip Currie may not have quite so exciting a time in Rome as he has been accustomed to of late years, but the work he will have to do will take all the experience he has acquired.

Nothing shows the vast improvement in municipal government more than the lighting of streets, and this advance is largely due to the use of the incandescent gas-light. I have just received details of this success from the Incandescent Gas Light Company, Limited, who have printed a pamphlet of opinions on their system (the Welsbach). Liverpool has found the system a great boon, the burner yielding more than three times the light of the ordinary flat-flame burner consuming the same amount of gas. Ramsey, Winchester, Ipswich, and Dover all write in the same strain, while Glasgow found a saving of sixty-six per cent.

The resources of civilisation are not exhausted. Mr. Donald Burns, the Jamrach of New York, is about to improve on the horse as a racing animal with an antelope of the prong-horned American variety, which he has brought from the Wild West, and is now training to beat the world's records over a mile. Most people might be under the impression that, even though the antelope could be persuaded to run steadily and keep to the regular track for a mile, its method of progression by long bounds would be against its pace, for the fact that at every leap its hind feet are stationary together would necessarily hamper it in a contest with the free-footed horse. Mr. Burns, however, thinks that this is counter-balanced by the length of each bound, which he estimates at twenty feet, while the animal does not rise more than two feet off the ground in

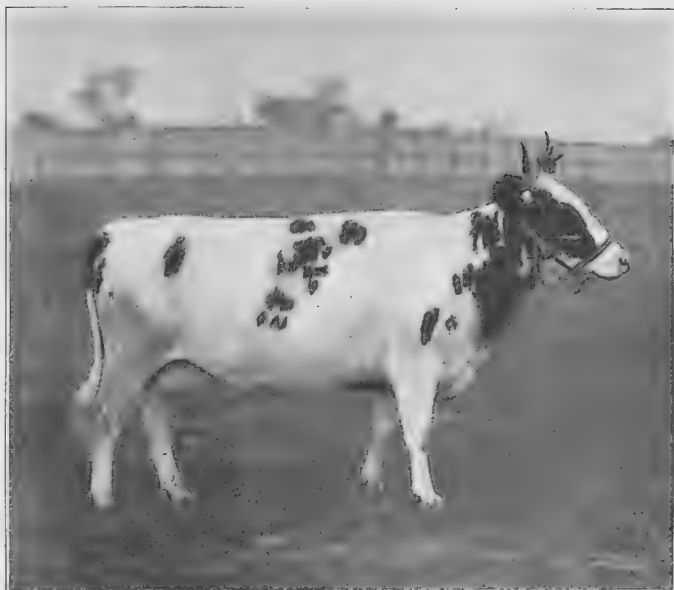


A HARNESSSED ANTELOPE.

Reproduced from the "New York World."

making its spring. It is almost a relief to hear that the antelope is not good for more than a mile, while its delicate nature renders accidents to its neck or legs highly probable; but the ingenuity of man and an improved breed of these beasts would seem to point to a time when our travelling will be done by "motors," and our racing stables will be tenanted by herds of swift-footed antelopes, a few hoofs of long-dead steeds being preserved with the reverence now paid to the eggs of the late lamented auk.





FIRST-PRIZE AYRSHIRE COW, BELONGING TO MR. JOHN RICHARDSON.



FIRST-PRIZE JERSEY COW, WILTON.

A new departure in the way of rearing motherless lambs is being successfully carried out this season on a farm at West Haddon, in Northamptonshire, in the occupation of Mr. F. Inceley. An exceptionally patient cow happened to be in the yard when the lambs were first brought in, and one of the lambs was allowed to approach her. Under these circumstances a cow will generally kick out viciously, but in this case, no objection being raised, the lamb was soon contentedly sucking, as if with her own mother. Other lambs then followed suit, until there were six in all. Six, however, proved to be too many for the affectionate foster-parent, and the number was reduced to four. These are thriving wonderfully well, apparently as well as with their natural mother, and all the drawbacks which are inevitable in rearing lambs with the bottle are absent. The cow fulfils the duties of a mother in every way, and refuses to be separated from her charges. In fact, when taken away to graze in an adjoining field, she bellows and frets until allowed to come

back to her little family. Very pretty it is to see her lick the lambs, when, having had their fill of milk, they come round to her head. The incident is the more remarkable as the cow has not had a calf for eighteen months. The photograph, which shows the lambs eagerly taking their fill of milk, while the cow is patiently waiting their pleasure, was taken some minutes after the reunion of the family, after a few hours' compulsory separation, which is necessary for the welfare of the mother.

The Spring Show at Belfast brought out some excellent animals, some of which I reproduce on this page.

I have heard some curious complaints from people hard to please in my time, but what do you think of this from a Lincolnshire correspondent? He says, "After a glorious rain, which the country wanted badly, we are being overdone with the song of nightingales and the cuckoos." He has no rest night or day, I

gather, thanks to these troublesome birds. Poor fellow! Being smothered with rose-leaves is a trifle to being stunned by nightingales and cuckoos.



A CURIOUS FOSTER-MOTHER.



FIRST-PRIZE POLO-PONY, SESS, BELONGING TO MR. C. H. BORESTONE.



FIRST-PRIZE CLYDESDALE MARE, BELONGING TO MR. S. PARK.



A reproduction of some of the old mystery-plays that formed the sole dramatic food of our ancestors in the Middle Ages is being arranged by the Paris students for Whitsuntide, to take place in the Latin Quarter. The play selected is "The Mystery of Adam," by a writer who lived in Tours, but whose name there is no means of discovering. The play is written in French of the twelfth century, and in verse, but has been translated into modern French rhyme. All the stage-directions left by the author will be scrupulously adhered to. Among other things, he directs that the persons who are to figure as the souls in Paradise "are to be visible to the spectators from the shoulders upwards only." The stage will be erected on the large open space near the Sorbonne, and the actors are to be chosen from among the troupes engaged at the State-subsidised theatres and also from the best pupils at the Conservatoire.

In addition to the performance of "The Mystery of Adam," the students intend to organise in the streets near the Panthéon and the Medical School a great open-air fair, reproducing all the characteristics and the boisterous features of a fair in the Middle Ages, and including a street of old Paris. Besides this, there will be a procession, the figures in which are intended to recall those taking part in what used to be known as the Festival of the Fools. On these occasions, an ass laden with religious ornaments was taken into the church and solemnly conducted to the foot of the altar, followed by a ribald procession of men and boys. The ass was, of course, symbolical of that on which Christ rode, but the symbolical side of the ceremony was, it is to be feared, more often than not entirely lost sight of, the scene generally degenerating into one from which both decorum and decency, as we should understand them, were quite absent. However much our taste to-day may find to condemn in these entertainments—for such they

practically were—it must not be forgotten that they were passionately liked by the people, for whom they took the place of all that the theatre has since given them. One of the principles guiding the students in all their arrangements is, it is satisfactory to note, that as few allusions as possible are to be made of a nature likely to shock the religious susceptibilities of anyone.

Miss Margaret Reibold, the new mezzo-soprano, is a native of Ohio. Having received her early education in Germany, it was there she afterwards began to follow seriously her art as a singer. She studied at the Hohe-Schule, in Berlin, and she enjoys also the distinction of having been a pupil of the famous Blüme. She is now becoming well known in



MISS REIBOLD.

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

London, and has been appearing frequently in concert and in oratorio within the last few months. She has had Mr. Randegger for her master in London.

The following clipping seems rather startling at first sight: "The comedy sketch by Frank Millard and George Alexander is meeting with strong approval. Mr. Alexander's coon songs are much talked of." I hasten to add that reference is made not to our own George Alexander of the St. James's Theatre, but to an American minor performer.

According to an Australian interviewer, Mr. Wilson Barrett has been making some interesting confessions and piquant assertions. Among the latter I might note, "Much of Pete's baby was written from Caine's (Mr. Hall Caine) own baby; Gloria, in 'The Christian,' was modelled on Caine's sister (Mrs. George D. Day), who is on the stage; one very successful Mercia is a niece of mine (Miss Caroline Barrett), who was taken straight from a convent to play the part." More familiar to people in the Old Country are Mr. Barrett's ingenuous avowals that he "was stage-struck as a child, knew the part of Hamlet at twelve, played first as a fourteen-year-old amateur in a barn, at sixteen yielded to stage fascination, at twelve vowed to play Hamlet in a theatre controlled by myself, realised this ambition nearly thirty years after." Mr. Barrett's great success in Australia is not surprising to those who are acquainted with Antipodean audiences.

It is always a pleasure to learn that *The Sketch* is esteemed an authority on all sorts of subjects by readers in all parts of the world, and, even when the questions put to me are regular "posers," I am always delighted to do my best to answer them. I have just had, for example, inquiries from a correspondent in India regarding bare feet on the stage, in reply to which I have to say that he may take it that Trilby was the first character played in recent times without "fleshings." There are several stories current of now famous actors who in their early days, having no black tights for special parts, stained their bare legs black; but these occurrences are more or less mythical, and, even if true, do not affect the question at issue. Many of my readers will remember

barefooted parts always played with feet covered with fleshings—such as Miss Jennie Lee's Jo. I am informed that Mrs. Langtry, in "Cleopatra," did not wear sandals on her bare feet, but over fleshings divided at the toes. In "The Little Minister," Miss Winifred Emery has bare legs, while Miss Fairbrother has no shoes. I am glad to see that recently men in kilts on the stage have not worn fleshings. The first time I noticed this was in "One of the Best," when the soldiers (including Mr. Terriss) appeared without tights. A tighted "kiltie" is really ridiculous.

The skill of the child-dancer who at eventide gives a display of art for art's sake on the pavement, to the strains of the piano-organ, has often amazed me. Where does she learn it? Even experienced managers are puzzled, it would seem, for the director of the Washington Music Hall, Battersea, declared that he cannot imagine where the little lady of eight whose photograph I reproduce here could have acquired the skill which won her golden opinions and a gold medal during the heats of the Ladies' Clog-Dancing Contest at the hall aforementioned. She is a working-man's child of no tuition, and hails from Blackfriars Road. Truly, "'Melior Ann of the twinkling feet," as certain of our own poets have said, is a person of marvellous aptitudes.



AN AMATEUR CLOG-DANCER.

Photo by Bowen, Clapham.

Miss Edith Morley, a daughter of Mr. Charles Cartwright, I am told, has been appearing, together with her father, Miss Beatrice Lamb, Mr. Charles Thursby, and others, in his season at Melbourne, which was to be followed by another at Sydney.

The New York *Criterion*, now edited by Mr. Joseph J. C. Clarke, a versatile journalist and playwright, has recently published a Palinode, by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, retracting his former idea of love-making as set forth in "The Quest of the Golden Girl," and saying, among other things, in four stanzas of four lines apiece—

Loving much is not the same  
As loving many.

The same paper also gives currency to an amusing story concerning the lady treasurer of a Colorado theatre, the not-too-well-educated daughter of an old pioneer. This lady astonished the agent of a company playing "Hamlet" by presenting him with three box-office returns, designed respectively for the manager, the "star," and the author. On the agent gently explaining that the author of "Hamlet" was not alive, this Western girl coolly retorted that perhaps his heirs would want to have a statement of the receipts!

Mr. Herbert Whitney Tew, the singer, though American by birth and upbringing, is of purely English descent, his father belonging to an old Yorkshire family, and his mother claimed as her ancestor John le Whitenay of Monmouth, one of the Knights of the Conqueror. He was

born at a beautiful little hamlet called Silver Creek, and began life as a banker; but the dry details of business did not stifle his artistic perceptions, and as long ago as 1885 he studied singing for some time in Paris. For many years he conducted the Columbian Choral Society, one of the leading musical institutions of Western New York, and organised as well much chamber-music and numerous classic vocal recitals. About four years ago Mr. Tew decided to give up his business and make music his life-work, and the decision was heartily endorsed by his many friends and musical advisers and admirers. On leaving Jamestown he came at once to London, and placed himself under the guidance of Mr. William Shakespeare. During his recent student days Mr. Tew has frequently visited America,



MR. HERBERT WHITNEY TEW.

partly to spend his vacations with his family and partly to fill professional engagements, but now he has permanently settled in the Old Country, loving London as the great art-centre of the world.



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## THE DOMINANCE OF NAPOLEON.

Seeing that it is seventy-seven years since Napoleon ended his career on lonely St. Helena (the exact date was May 5, 1821), the continued, nay, the increasing, interest in everything concerning him is an extraordinary proof of the immense impression he left on the world. Hence the *English Illustrated Magazine* for this month deals with his campaign in Austria in 1805. He was, of course, successful there, but for the time he had ceased to terrify England, for had not Trafalgar just been fought? Thus Nelson dethroned Napoleon from the minds of Englishmen. This was so pronounced that Daniel Orme, engraver to George III., bought a plate of Napoleon at the sale of a Ludgate Hill printseller's effects and altered it into a portrait of Nelson. The same sort of thing had been done many years before—as you will find from an interesting article in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for this month—with the head of Charles I. When he was executed, his head (in an engraving of Vandyck's famous picture) was replaced by Cromwell's, and, on the Restoration, it was put back again! A few years before, Orme's manipulation would have been out of place, for Napoleon was then a terror to England. The vestry of the parish of St. Clement Danes, from which *The Sketch* is published, resolved on July 28, 1803—

That in the present crisis, when our country is menaced by a powerful and ambitious Enemy, who aims at Universal Dominion and the Destruction of all civilised Nations, we think it a Duty owing to our Country, Ourselves and Families To Declare

Our loyal and affectionate Attachment to our King and Constitution; and our Determination by every Means in our Power to perpetuate to our Children those Rights, Laws, and Liberties which we inherit from our Ancestors:

Resolved, to declare also that we are willing to co-operate with our Fellow-Countrymen in every Exertion and to Submit to every Privation that

may be found necessary to defend ourselves from a daring and inveterate Foe: who, disregarding all the known and acknowledged Customs of War, has threatened to destroy every Man in Arms:—has promised the Pillage of our Cities to his Soldiers—and to exterminate the Name of Britain from the Number of Nations.

Resolved, that a Committee be appointed to consider of proper Measures to second the Intentions of the Legislature and carry them into Immediate Effect.

Ninety years pass and St. Clement Danes goes up the Strand to the Lyceum Theatre to see Napoleon in the shape of Sir Henry Irving being gammoned by a laundress (Madame Sans-Gêne). For Napoleon has a strong hold on the stage. At this moment he is holding Australia; for Wills's play, "A Royal Divorce," is on tour, Mr. Julius Knight masquerading as the Emperor. It is not generally known that it was Napoleon who first started touring companies. Wishing to spread throughout his Empire a knowledge of the masterpieces of the French tongue, he formed two companies and himself fixed their itineraries in the following decree—

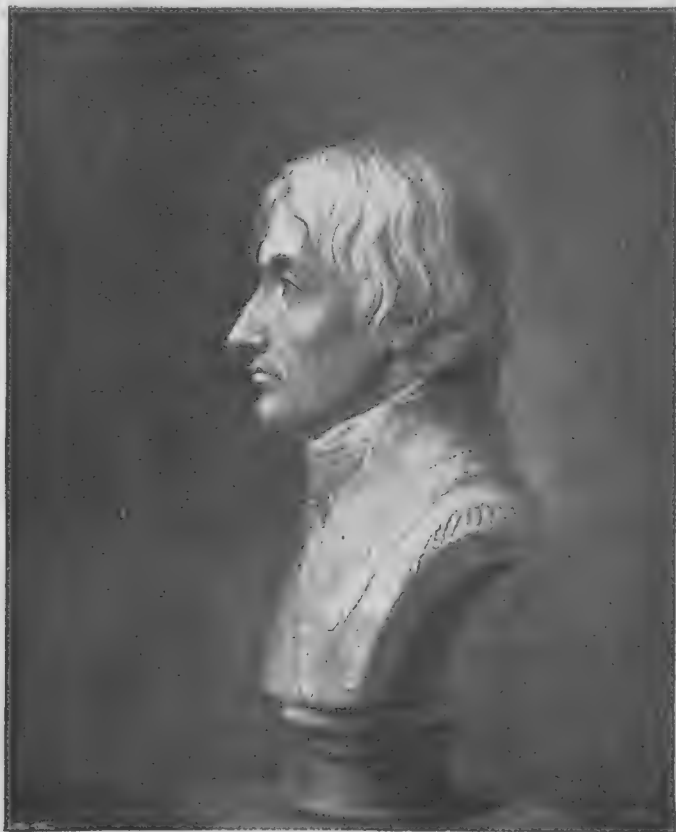
At the Palace of St. Cloud, July 10, 1806, Napoleon, Emperor of the French and King of Italy. We have decreed, and decree the following—

There shall be formed to play in Italy two troops of French actors who shall represent the *chefs d'œuvre* both tragic and comic of the French stage. One of these troops shall be commanded to play in that part of Italy which we have reunited to our Empire of France, the other shall undertake the principal towns of our kingdom of Italy.

The decree, which contains altogether fourteen articles, goes into the minutest details concerning the organisation of the two tours, and, among other things, it says, "They shall stay three months at Turin, two at Bologna, and four at Milan," and "The Treasuries of France and Italy shall contribute to the expenses of the companies not exceeding the sum of £6400."



MR. JULIUS KNIGHT AS NAPOLEON.



THIS PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON WAS ALTERED AFTER TRAFALGAR INTO THAT OF NELSON.

## THE IRONY OF THE TWO "MAYFLOWERS."

The conflict between America and Spain bristles with little ironies for the man who remembers their history, and the transformation of the yacht *Mayflower* into a gunboat is one of these. The good old *Mayflower* of immortal memory—which is to America what the Conqueror is to

were more severe than those of any other country. As the commerce of the world grew and international trade increased, the evils and inconveniences of privateering were repeatedly brought home to the different great European centres, and, after one or two isolated attempts to obtain the cessation of the system, the Declaration of Paris was signed by all the principal Powers, America and Spain alone retaining their rights of private armament in case of war.

Possibly the most celebrated of all the privateers that ever sailed the seas was the *Alabama*. It was during the Civil War in the States, when the sentiments of the bulk of Englishmen certainly were with the Southerners, that the *Alabama*, known then merely as "No. 290," was built in Laird's great yard at Birkenhead. She was a wooden screw-steamer, with two engines, each of 350 horse-power, barque-rigged, and 1040 tons burden, and pierced for twelve guns. As "No. 290," she was built for the Confederate States in 1862, and much secrecy was observed in her construction; but, in spite of all precautions, something leaked out, and the United States Government communicated with the authorities here, urging them to detain her. The builders were, however, as astute as the Yankees, or more so; they knew what to expect, and when the message of detention arrived at Birkenhead the bird was flown; "No. 290" had sailed from these shores. Away to the Azores she sped, doubtless completing some of her equipment as she flew, and there she found her stores and those eight 32-pounders which afterwards did good service to the Confederate

cause. Her commander was Captain Semmes, who had already made his name famous, when, with the *Sumter*, he had done much damage to American shipping. "No. 290" now became the *Alabama*, and her appearance on the Northern seaboard created at no distant date a feeling bordering on panic. Her successes were almost phenomenal, and the bitterness engendered by them against England found plenty of expression. It was not till the summer of 1864 that the *Alabama* met her fate. On June 19 of that year she was engaged by the United States warship *Kearsarge*, and after defending herself with great determination, she was sunk by that vessel. I have heard it stated on good authority that her defeat was caused by the condition of her ammunition, much of which had become almost useless, and it is said that had a shell which struck the stern of the *Kearsarge* exploded as it should have done, the result of the action would probably have been very different. Most of her crew were rescued either by the *Kearsarge* or by an English yacht—the *Deerhound*, I think—which had been a witness of the exciting engagement of the combatants. This yacht picked up Captain Semmes, and carried him to England, much to the disgust of the Yankees. The claims of the States against England for damages caused through negligence in allowing the *Alabama* to leave Birkenhead were preposterous, and were eventually, as all the world knows, arranged by arbitration, the cost to this country being some three millions and a quarter sterling.

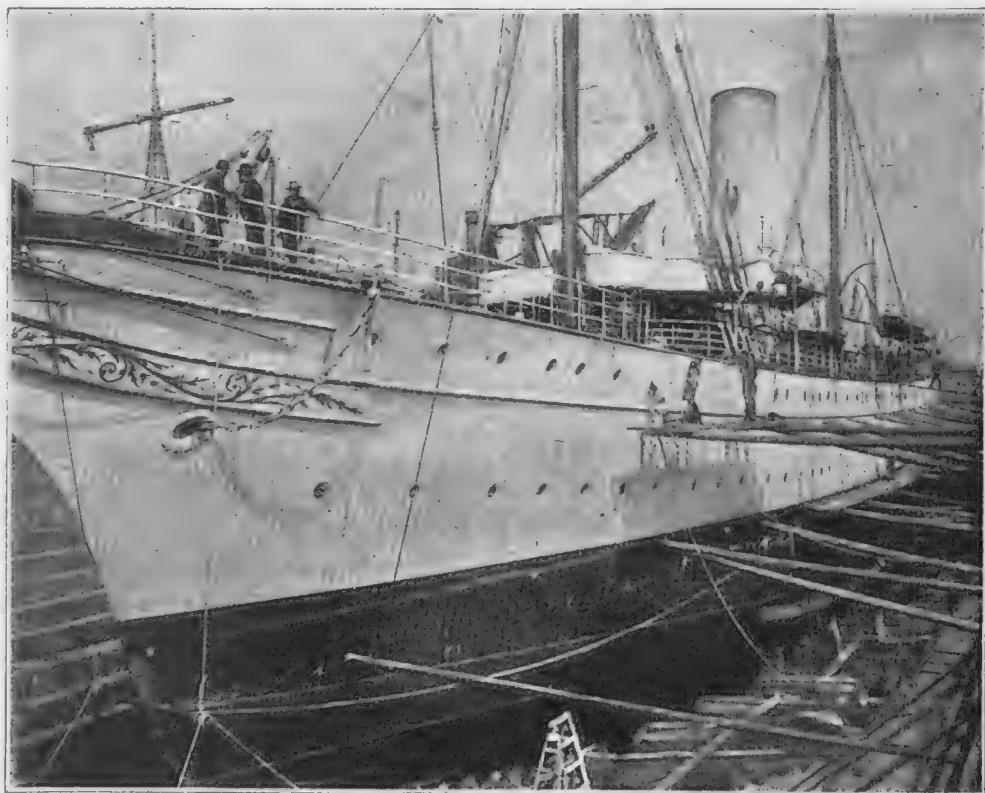


THE GOOD OLD "MAYFLOWER" CARRIED PEACE IN THE SHAPE OF THIS BIBLE TO THE LAND WHICH SPAIN DISCOVERED.

England in the shape of the new blood introduced—crossed the ocean blue with the strenuous English religionists whom we know as the Pilgrim Fathers, landing at Plymouth Rock on Dec. 21, 1620. The faithful Fathers went out to conquer the New World with the Bible (one of the copies of which is still preserved), and the civilisation the plucky passengers represented has made America the Power she is.

Two hundred and seventy-eight years elapse. America has pushed on, but Spain still holds fast by the Pope. America objects to Spain's methods of government, and equips a fleet to smash her up. In that fleet a new *Mayflower* is included. This vessel was formerly the yacht of the late Mr. Ogden Goelet, the millionaire, and, like the original *Mayflower*, was built in this country, being designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and launched on the Clyde, at a cost of £160,000. Her tonnage is 1800, and her length 321 feet—in fact, she could take the old *Mayflower* inside her. The United States bought her during the present crisis for £100,000, and she is now being fitted up as a gunboat. Her handsome interior fittings, artistic decorations, which were done by the best decorators of France and Italy, and all her luxurious furniture, have been taken out of the yacht, and in their places now are torpedoes, rapid-fire guns of different calibre, powder and shot. The yacht that was the pride of her builders, the pride of her designer, the pride of her owner, and the pride of the New York Yacht Club, in whose fleet she was enrolled, is now a fighting-machine of no mean power. The boat is plated up to what is known as the hurricane-deck. At the fore end of the bridge-deck there is a break, which leaves an open space between the bridge-deck and the top-gallant fore-castle. Since the *Mayflower* has been in the yard this break in the plating has been filled in, and the boat has been further strengthened by having plates six feet in width riveted on each side. These plates cover the vital parts of the boat.

The new *Mayflower* will thus not engage in privateering, though neither Spain nor the States subscribed to the much-talked-of Declaration of Paris, which made most nations abjure that, for it is a barbaric method of war. The first notable recorded instance of a system of this kind was, curiously enough, at the time of the prolonged and bitter struggle between Spain and her revolted possessions in the Low Countries. In 1569 or 1570 the gallant, astute, and energetic Prince of Orange granted letters of marque to many private individuals, whose ships were for several years most daring and successful in harrying Spain. Both Spain and England followed the example of Holland with regard to privateering, and the venture of many an English merchant in the days of good Queen Bess brought dollars to himself, his co-adventurers, and his Sovereign, and much chagrin to the King of Spain, whose "beard was singed" by many a daring captain. France, however, has probably, in the course of her various naval wars, sent out more privateers than any other country. At the end of last century and the beginning of this, French privateers swarmed wherever England's commerce took English merchantmen, and the marine laws of France with regard to neutrals



THE GUNBOAT "MAYFLOWER" CARRIES WAR IN THE SHAPE OF GUNS AGAINST SPAIN.



THE CRISIS IN CUBA.



A CHURCH IN CUBA USED AS A BARRACK.



A SPANISH REGIMENT RESTING.

## THE PATHOS OF THE WAR—THE BOY-KING OF SPAIN.

The pathetic side of the war lies in the fact that the guidance of Spain lies in the hands of a widow and her only son. The Queen-Regent of Spain (Maria Christina) is an Austrian princess, being the daughter of the Archduke Ferdinand, who died in 1874, while her cousin is the Emperor of Austria. Marie Christine Henriette Désirée Félicité Rénier, to give her full name, was born at Gross-Seelowitz on July 21, 1858, and on Nov. 29, 1879, she married at Madrid Alfonso XII. of

Spain; a man stands alone at the head of the United States. This is curiously borne out by the following extracts.

The Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* London Correspondent writes on April 22—

It is reported from Washington that the ladies of the White House, including Mrs. McKinley, left for New York, in order that McKinley might direct the destinies of the War undisturbed.



Mercedes. The Queen Regent.

Alfonso.

Teresa.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND HER FAMILY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINE, MADRID.

Spain, to become a widow six years later almost to a day. She has three children—

*Maria-de-las-Mercedes*, born Sept. 11, 1880, who was Queen of Spain for six months, till her brother was born;

*Maria Teresa*, born Nov. 12, 1882;

and

ALFONSO XIII., born at Madrid on May 17, 1886.

The Queen assumed the regency on the death of her husband, and in this capacity has taken a leading part in the affairs of her adopted country; and one cannot but help noting her influence in this her position as compared with the American woman. We hear a great deal of the potency of the American woman, but regard Spain as old-fashioned, the man dominating. As a matter of fact, at this moment a woman leads

The London *Daily Mail* Madrid Correspondent writes on April 20—

The Queen Regent, accompanied by the boy-King, travelled in state, with all the pomp that makes the Spanish Court famous, from the Royal Palace to the Palace of the Senate—a four minutes' walk. The infantry, which lined the way to the Senate, the cavalry, and the mounted civil guards sent to preserve order, had hard work to keep the crowd, frantic with enthusiasm, from approaching the royal carriage and escorting it. The Queen appeared much moved. "Long live the Queen!" "Long live the King!" "Long live Spain!" were the cries incessantly given.

Her Majesty read the Speech from the Throne seated, with a calm and clear voice, while all the audience stood. It is against etiquette to interrupt the Queen, but enthusiasm and emotion were too great, the solemnity of the occasion too impressive, and twice had her Majesty to stop, while cheers and acclamations and cries of "Long live Spain!" and "Long live the Queen and King!" made speaking impossible. The cheering was still more frantic on the Queen leaving the Senate, and so it was in the streets.



## "THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN."

## ABOUT THE HIGHLANDERS WHO LED AT ATBARA.

There has been praise everywhere of the Cameron Highlanders for the splendid part they took in the Battle of Atbara the other day. To use a phrase consecrated by Burns, this fine regiment "bore the gree" of that fight, where they acted as pioneers of the British Brigade. The Camerons were the first to come at the Dervish zarcha, just as it was a Cameron Highlander—young Donald Cameron, the Carse Braes ploughman—who was the first in over Arabi's trenches at Tel-el-Kebir, and the second man to be shot.

Think how often the name Cameron occurs in the annals of the Scottish Highlands! Oh, ever so often! There were Ewen Cameron and Donald, "the gentle Lochiel," and many more Camerons. In fine, the Camerons were one of the most powerful clans in the Western Highlands of Scotland. You would hardly rank them with the Campbells or the Gordons, two houses which have been architects of Scottish history; but still they stood high, and exercised a wide influence. Somewhat before the end of last century Alan Cameron of Erracht was given letters of service to raise a regiment. Napoleon was on the war-path; his sceptre hung by a hair above the countries of Europe, none knowing where it might fall next. Britain needed all her military valour, and happily she did not have to appeal to her people in vain.

Not so many years before, the Saxon had been invading the Sassenach in his own North, but a truce had now come. Moreover, a parochialism which made the Highlander fight for his own parish did not prevent him from being a first-rate patriot in the larger sense, and further, he was always fond of the "tented field." Promise him a good bout of war, and you might do anything with him. Thus, Alan Cameron of Erracht was enabled to raise the 79th Regiment, afterwards named the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, without any distribution of bounties. His men enlisted with him because they wanted to enlist, not because there was much inducement in the way of "siller." In January 1794 we have the 79th being inspected at Stirling, and by the close of the month the strength stood at a thousand men. Note, apropos the death of Captain Urquhart at Atbara, that there was an Urquhart among the first group of the regiment's officers. Needless to explain, Alan Cameron himself was in command—a well-built, brave Highland gentleman, with the natural spirit for soldiering begot of the heather hills.

The Camerons had little luck at the beginning, for they found themselves part of the ill-starred Flanders Expedition, to which climate and privation were terrible enemies. When the regiment returned to England there was some talk of its members being, for purposes of active service, drafted into other regiments. This proposal was not in the least acceptable to Colonel Cameron or his men, and the former had a perfectly choice interview with the Royal Commander-in-Chief. "To draft the 79th," the Colonel blurted out, "is more than you or your father dare do." "Then," said the Duke, "my father, the King, will certainly send the regiment to the West Indies." "You may tell the King, your father," came Cameron's vehement response, "that he may send us to — if he likes, and I'll go at the head of my Highlanders, but he daurna draft us." And the 79th was not drafted.

Next to Holland, where we find the Camerons, like the Gordons, charging the French at Egmont-op-Zee with the bare bayonet, and it answered well. Again, they were in Spain, at Cadiz and Ferrol, to help destroy the Spanish shipping, and, a little later, in Egypt with Sir Ralph Abercromby. The 79th was one of the regiments that received

the right, in token of what it had done in Egypt, to bear the figure of a Sphinx and have the word "Egypt" on its colours and appointments. Yet in 1804 somebody in the War Office entertained the idea of abolishing the kilt in the Highland regiments. This notion has come up at intervals since then, and the Highland regiments have always repulsed it at the point of the bayonet—that is, they have won fresh laurels, to the confusion of the reformers. This time the Horse Guards asked Colonel Cameron's "private opinion" as to the expediency of abolishing the kilt. He sent it to the Horse Guards in a dozen pages which must have burned the fingers of those who read them. "Abolish the kilt for tartan trews!" exclaimed Cameron in effect; "why not abolish the Highlander out and out?"

The Camerons were at Corunna with Moore, but there they merely got a taste of the fighting which Wellington was to give them during his famous Peninsular campaign.

At Busaco they adorned their tartan, so at Fuentes d'Oñor, where Philip Cameron, a son of their first colonel, commanded them. Alas! Colonel Philip Cameron was shot by a Frenchman who had marked him down as the leader. "Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given," sings Sir Walter Scott of this incident, as he dwells on the irresistible rush which the Camerons made to avenge the death of their leader. They bore the enemy from the contested ground, but they had lost a colonel who had been a friend to every one of them.

At Salamanca fighting only came to the 79th at the close of the day; still, at the Pyrenees and Toulouse there was plenty of it. In one of the final engagements of the Peninsular campaign, a detachment of the Camerons had their retreat cut off by a whole French regiment, and were only saved by the ready wit of a private. "Sit down!" he called out as the French regiment approached, and the detachment tumbled on to the ground. "Wounded," communed the French officer, and he shrugged his shoulders in passing, as much as to say, "Sorry, but I can't help you." In a few minutes the Highlanders were afoot again and making for the British forces, which had given them up for lost.

"And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose," when Wellington gave the word at Brussels to march for Quatre Bras and Waterloo. The Camerons had stiff work at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, where, indeed, they lost more men than any other regiment excepting the 1st Foot Guards, who were almost annihilated. At Quatre Bras the 79th charged a mass of Frenchmen, and drove them first from one shelter, then to another, until they fell back upon Napoleon's solid army. What they did in the battle of Waterloo itself is best illustrated by the case of Piper Kenneth MacMay, who, while they were forming

square to receive French cavalry, walked round the square piping a lively tune. After Waterloo, we find the Camerons camped outside Paris, sentinels of the peace which was being concluded. The Emperor of Russia, being in the same locality, was anxious to make the acquaintance of Scottish Highlanders, and several Cameron men, among others, were introduced to him. The Emperor pinched Sergeant Campbell's legs to ascertain that there was no deception. What Sergeant Campbell thought at this slight upon his honour as a Highland gentleman it beats one to suppose. However, the Camerons had their revenge eventually, for they were with the Highland Brigade in Russia during the Crimean War.

When you get to the Crimea and to the Indian Mutiny, you are within the pages of modern history. It is enough to recall the part taken by the Camerons in these campaigns, as even more recently at Tel-el-Kebir. The regiment has played the "March of the Cameron Men" for over a century, and the Cameron slogan is as martial now, as much the herald of victory, as it was at the beginning.



A CAMERON HIGHLANDER.

Photo by Gregory, Strand.

## THE OPENING OF THE OPERA SEASON.



LOHENGRIN COMES BACK AGAIN WITH HIS SWAN.



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## ARMS AND THE MAN.

## WHAT THE COLLEGE OF ARMS DOES.

There are comparatively few who know how to obtain in proper form that coveted distinction a Coat of Arms, the majority being content to

they still are, attached individually to the Royal Household, but the exercise of their profession without proper control or means of recording grants of arms, &c., for reference led to considerable confusion, and they were erected into a close corporation by Richard III. in 1483. Many of the greater nobility, too, had at that time Heralds attached to their private households; these, however, had not power to grant arms.

The chief duties of the Officers of Arms consist of making grants and exemplifications of armorial bearings, tracing and recording pedigrees, passing patents of supporters, proving and registering titles of nobility, obtaining royal licences for change of surname, procuring patents of special precedence, and searching records in their charge for armorial and genealogical information, and supplying extracts therefrom; they also attend Court on certain days, are present at and have the ordering of all State ceremonials, such as royal coronations, marriages, and funerals, and the opening of Parliament by the Sovereign, and publicly proclaim war and peace. All the Heralds wear on State occasions the emblazoned tabard or sleeveless coat of the Queen's Arms, are free from all taxes and election to any public office, and are Esquires by creation in virtue of their calling; further, they are the sole authorities in all matters of honours, pedigrees, precedence, and the granting or confirming of arms, acting through the Earl Marshal as representing the Crown, the fountain of all honour, for the right to grant arms is the exclusive prerogative of the Sovereign.

In the United Kingdom the right to bear arms is a matter of law, and, although fallen into desuetude, the Earl Marshal's Court, with its power of imposing fines and penalties for unauthorised assumptions of arms, still exists.

and is every whit as much now one of the duly constituted courts of the land as when first set up. This court is situated on the ground



THE COLLEGE OF ARMS IN QUEEN VICTORIA STREET.

visit the nearest "heraldic" stationer, who, for a small fee, will search out from some book of reference a Coat belonging to someone of similar name to the applicant and engrave or emblazon it for him; the aspirant *may* be entitled to the one found, but in almost every case it is far safer to say that he is not. The average individual in search of armorial bearings finds the temptation irresistible, sees such an offer made, enters the stationer's shop, and returns duly fitted; but, alas, too frequently with borrowed plumes, often to the initiated making himself supremely ridiculous, as well as causing great annoyance to all those genuinely entitled to arms.

The College of Arms, or English Heralds' College, in Queen Victoria Street, occupying on Bennet's Hill the site of Derby House, granted to its use by Queen Mary in 1554, consists of the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England (an office hereditary in his family), in whose hands appointment to the College exclusively rests; three Kings of Arms—Garter, Clarenceux, and Norroy; six Heralds—Chester, Lancaster, York, Somerset, Richmond, and Windsor; and four Pursuivants—Rouge Croix, Blue-mantle, Rouge Dragon, and Portcullis. There are also at present two Heralds Extraordinary—Surrey and Maltravers.

Before the Heralds received their charter of incorporation they had for many centuries been, as



THE EARL MARSHAL'S COURT, COLLEGE OF ARMS.

Photographs by Dolas, Ludgate Hill.

floor of the College of Arms, forming the public entrance, and from it on the right the fire-proof chapter-room and library may be reached through the public office. Here the Officers of Arms hold their chapter on the first Thursday in every month, all affairs being settled by vote, the Kings of Arms having two votes apiece, and the Heralds and Pursuivants one. The wings of the building are occupied by the rooms of the officers, while in the basement is situated the muniment-room. The original building was destroyed during the Great Fire, but fortunately the College records were saved, having been removed to the Palace of Westminster, where they remained till 1683—when the rebuilding entrusted to Sir Christopher Wren was completed, mainly at the expense of its members—and now form with those since accumulated an unbroken record from its first incorporation.

To be entitled legally to arms in England the Heralds require proof of legitimate male descent from someone to whom armorial bearings have been (1) granted, or (2) confirmed, or (3) allowed at one or other of the Visitations which took place 1528-1686, and at which the Heralds

Supposing a new grant of arms is required, the procedure adopted is for the Herald who has the business in hand to have a petition prepared setting forth the desired limitations of the proposed grant; these usually cover all legitimate descendants of the father of the grantee. This would be transmitted to the Earl Marshal (who has entire discretion as to granting the petition) through his secretary, praying him to issue his warrant to the Kings of Arms. The warrant, if the applicant lives north of the Trent, would be addressed to Garter and Norroy, or if south of the Trent to Garter and Clarenceux; but should the petitioner have domiciles in both portions of England, it would be addressed to all three Kings. When this document has been formally issued, the applicant is consulted regarding the design suggested, and any predilection he may have receives attention, provided it does not transgress any of the cardinal rules of heraldry, and more especially the law laying down that the officers may not grant two Coats exactly alike. These points having been satisfactorily settled and the fees (which vary according to circumstances) paid, a patent is prepared and emblazoned;



THE PUBLIC OFFICE, COLLEGE OF ARMS.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLAS, LUDGATE HILL.

visited different counties under Royal Commission, summoning all and sundry who claimed Coats of Arms to prove and record their right. Those failing to do so were debarred their future use, and, if found assuming arms of another family, rendered themselves liable to considerable penalty.

It is popularly supposed that the Officers of Arms have special territorial jurisdiction corresponding each to his respective title. But this is not the case. The members carry on the business of the College collectively as a corporation, while each is permitted to practise among and to retain his own clients—much as barristers do—a portion of all fees going to the Crown. The Heralds are not allowed to advertise in any way, but, should an applicant be personally known to one of them, it would obviously be only right and natural for him in the first instance to apply to his friend and offer him the business; otherwise, application should be made at the public office in the main building, where month by month one Herald and one Pursuivant are daily “in waiting.” Having once consulted an Officer of Arms in relation to any particular business, the etiquette of the College requires all communications in regard to the same to be addressed to that Herald direct.

then, having been signed by the Kings-of-Arms interested and sealed with their official seals, it is afterwards registered in the books of the College of Arms, and the transaction is finished, the recipient now being legally entitled to the use of Arms.

DEXTER.

#### THE TORCH-RACERS.

Garriek there was of world-compelling fame,  
And others followed with a well-won name  
To witch the nations, and pass on the flame  
Of genius that can light the darkest stage,  
And turn the passing moment to an age.  
Then in our day came one of patient might,  
Who in his course turns neither left nor right—  
Tireless in bearing on the sacred light,  
One whom we honour as our Actor-Knight.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE "FREAK" AT HOME.

MRS. JIM-JIM (*better-half of the Man Snake, in the course of a domestic argument*): You dare look at me like that!



MISS CARR AS PHYLLIS IN "IOLANTHE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.



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## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE RIDING-HABIT.

BY W. L. GRANT.

"Never again," said Mrs. Trevor-Payne with firmness, "shall I attempt amateur theatricals, especially in July. They are out of season—like oysters. Combined with the weather, they have reduced us to a state of fractious discontent which would be out of place in a nursery."

"The weather is certainly trying," said her brother-in-law, the Honourable and Reverend Trevor-Payne, lazily helping himself to another egg; "one might almost be excused for losing faith in Providence."

"Very generous of you to deny your own *raison d'être*, Uncle Bob, but hardly politic," struck in a handsome boy home from Oxford for his vacation.

"Charlie," said his mother severely, "never be epigrammatic; it is so very exhausting. If it were not for you, Kathleen," she resumed, "I do not know what we should have done. Only your good-temper has kept theatricals and everything else from breaking down."

The scene was the breakfast-room of one of our English country houses. Ten or a dozen guests sat eating with a peculiarly British air of stolid resignation. The rain beat upon the windows, and a small fire flickered mournfully in the grate, as if it realised how very incongruous and unseasonable it really was. For a fortnight the sun had not shown his face, and poor Mrs. Trevor-Payne, though skilled in all the arts of a hostess, had, as she said, "exhausted every indoor game, from parlour-croquet to billiards, and been compelled to fall back upon that last refuge of the destitute, amateur theatricals." These had at first afforded a modified form of amusement, but had soon palled, and would have come to a premature end but for the heroic endeavours of a bright Irish girl, the Kathleen Gray to whom Mrs. Payne had spoken. Her tact and high spirits had not only kept the party from open strife, but had lent such life to the theatricals that there really seemed some prospect of success. Charlie was her open and devoted slave, and even the Honourable Trevor-Payne, who had all the cynicism and distrust of the well-bred parson, could find no fault in her. The other members of the party were commonplace examples of the various types which usually congregate in country-houses.

The only exception was a German of bilious appearance, who had arrived the previous evening, and who was said to be studying metaphysical hypnotism, or some other equally unwholesome subject; his steely blue eyes looked out at the world as if he regarded it and all its inhabitants as collections of more or less diseased nerve-fibres.

The girl to whom Mrs. Payne had spoken looked up with a slight start. "I fear I am but a broken reed," she said.

"You are not looking at all well this morning," said the hostess; "I hope that last night's rehearsal has not tired you. If you fail us, we are indeed lost."

"I did not sleep very well," said the girl; "I had the most horrid dreams. I shall refresh myself this morning by a ride."

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?" said Charlie. The rain had lashed every road into a turbid pool of mud, but Charlie felt that, if Miss Gray cared to ride, his duty was to try to accompany her; the weather was in the control of higher powers than his.

"Nobody asked you, sir, she said," was the reply, but given with a smile that contradicted the words.

"A ride in this weather!" said Mrs. Trevor-Payne, not unnaturally surprised. "The idea is absurd."

"And to-day the theatricals," interrupted the German. "What shall we do if Miss Gray shall catch a cold, and be unable to act?"

"The idea is absurd," repeated the hostess. "You might as well think of skating."

Half an hour later, when Mrs. Payne, after seeking in vain for her wayward guest, sent the butler in search of her, she was startled by his reply.

"If you please, my lady, Miss Gray ordered Diamond to be saddled immediately after breakfast, and has gone for a ride."

"In this rain? Impossible!"

"Yes, my lady, and she would not let Mr. Charles go with her. She said she wished to be alone."

The best of us have our faults, and Mrs. Trevor-Payne, widow of a bishop dead long years ago, had a weakness for being styled "my lady." She had assumed the title in jest during the lifetime of the worthy prelate, and it had clung to her till now she demanded it as her right. Too clever and too good-natured to object to chaff, she could not be laughed out of her little weakness, and her friends and domestics had long become reconciled to the inevitable. It was an innocent form of vanity, and no one thought the less of her for it, save perhaps her brother-in-law, who had hoped to become a bishop himself, but saw as yet no chance of his desire's fulfilment.

Lunch-time came, and still there was no trace of the missing guest. Charlie Payne mounted his horse and rode off down the long carriage-drive by which she had departed. But though he inquired of all whom he met, he could find no trace of the missing girl, and, after a fruitless search, was compelled to return.

The afternoon wore on, the rain poured down in a steady torrent from the leaden sky; and still no one had seen or heard aught of the black horse and his rider.

Charlie Payne, now seriously alarmed, prepared to set out on a second search. As he passed through the hall he found Von Arndt, the German, gazing out through the open door into the rain.

"Do you again go for a ride?" he said.

"I am going to look for Miss Gray," said the young Englishman curtly, for he disliked and distrusted foreigners, especially when they appeared to suffer from lack of exercise and washing.

"So!" said the other. "Is she not then returned? It is most strange. But what do I now hear?"

Charlie listened, but all seemed still, and he was about to mount the horse which the groom held waiting, when a faint sound reached his ear. Nearer and nearer it came, and then suddenly a black horse at a tearing gallop swung round the corner of the drive and stopped abruptly at the door with a splash of flying gravel.

"So!" said the phlegmatic German. "Here is Miss Gray."

It was indeed the missing girl, but her aspect was such that it increased rather than assuaged the anxiety of the young lover. The horse was splashed with mud and flecked with foam as if he had been ridden far and fast. His nostrils were distended and panting, and he pawed the gravel uneasily; even the stolid groom stared in wonder at his almost panic terror. He glanced from side to side; his hind quarters trembled as if they might give way beneath him, and his whole frame shivered as if with deadly cold. The other horse caught his fear, and both seemed as if about to start again in that mad gallop. But the men in the doorway had eyes for the rider alone. Her fresh complexion was now glassy white, and a strand of black hair that had escaped from beneath her riding-hat fell across her cheek in ghastly contrast. Her blue eyes were wide open and staring, her mouth drawn and slightly open; as the horse stopped she reeled, and Charlie Payne had just time to catch her as she fell.

"Miss Gray!" he cried, feeling even as he spoke how ludicrously feeble his words sounded. "What has happened?"

"Nothing," she said slowly and with an effort. "I did not feel very well this morning, and went for a ride. I must have gone too far, for I am very tired. I think that I shall go to my room and lie down."

"Let me send my mother to you," he said.

"Please do not trouble," she replied, with a faint attempt at a smile; "I shall be better soon." She slipped past him as she spoke, and walked slowly up the stairs.

Charlie stood for a moment in silence, watching the groom lead the frightened horses to the stables; then, feeling that the mystery was too deep for him, he rejoined the others. Mrs. Payne, on hearing what he had seen, at once followed her guest upstairs, but soon returned.

"I think that a rest is all she needs," she said. "She is rather tired, but nothing more."

Dinner was early that evening, to allow time for the subsequent theatricals, and soon all retired to dress. None thought of the "leading lady," as the Honourable Trevor-Payne had called her, until the dining-hour arrived. Her maid had, indeed, gone, unsummoned, to Miss Gray's room to aid her in dressing, but, finding the door locked, had returned, glad to be free from her duty. The guests were collected in the large drawing-room, one end of which was now curtained off to provide a stage, when suddenly a bell rang sharply through the house. Bells had been heard at intervals during the last hour or more, as ladies rang for their maids and men for their valets; but this was a very different sound. It pealed through the house with something of fierce entreaty in its tone—as if a man, wakening in the night to find one standing over him, knife in hand, should seize the bell-cord just as the blow came down. That ring came from the room of Kathleen Gray. Next moment her maid entered the drawing-room, and, forgetting decorum in her fear, pressed forward to Mrs. Payne, and said—

"If you please, my lady, Miss Gray's door is locked, and I cannot get an answer."

"It is all right, Price," said a laughing voice. "I sent for you to ask Mrs. Trevor-Payne to come to look at my dress, and then decided to come down as I was."

It was Kathleen. Though none had seen her enter, she stood at Mrs. Payne's side. But how changed from the dragged figure whom Charlie had helped to dismount! Now she stood, bright and smiling, in all the glow of ripening womanhood; the gauzy lace of her costume, through which her white shoulders gleamed, lent an ethereal, almost unearthly charm to her beauty.

"What a very vehement ring, my dear!" said her hostess with a smile. "I am very glad that you feel able to come down. I hope you are not tired?"

At that moment Von Arndt entered, and Mrs. Payne was compelled to turn away to introduce him to his partner, a Cambridge girl-graduate in spectacles, with an acquired taste for metaphysics.

"She is so queer and clever herself, I am sure they will suit each other," had been Mrs. Payne's thought.

Kathleen, apparently quite recovered from her fatigue, watched the German with a curious gleam in her eyes.

"I hate foreigners!" she said, a sentiment in which her partner, a stolid young cavalry captain, fully agreed.

During dinner her gaiety was extreme; the company near her forgot the somewhat narrow bounds which British decorum sets to laughter, and her stolid partner shone in the reflected glow of her vivacity till he



almost came to consider himself a wit. A youthful duke, Charlie's friend at college, who had come from the South for the occasion, merged his dukedom in his humanity, and boyishly implored his hostess to introduce him to "that pretty girl."

Nor did her triumphs cease when the play began. Before the first act was over its success was assured. Her high spirits and vivacity had always given her a measure of success; but now she acted with a verve and abandon which made her the centre of the play, and which more than atoned for any deficiency in the others. She was no longer Kathleen Gray, but as if in reality transformed into the gay Maid-of-Honour whom she represented. When the curtain fell on the final scene the enthusiasm was unbounded, and there were loud calls for the heroine of the evening. Von Arndt was the only exception.

"I do not like the look in her eyes," he said. "There is something in them, something behind them, which should not be there. I do not like it. But, with your permission, I shall go to congratulate the young lady."

Behind the scenes he found Mrs. Payne, with Charlie and his friend.

Then he bent down and tried to peer through the keyhole, but the key was in the lock, and he could see nothing.

"This is absurd," said the young Oxonian. "Miss Gray is probably downstairs with the others. Why should we make fools of ourselves all night before a locked door?"

"Why is it locked from the inside, and the key still in the door," returned the other, "unless Miss Gray is there—or someone else? There is something there," he broke out suddenly in a strange voice; "but it is not Miss Gray. Break down the door, I tell you; break it down!"

With a bound Charlie Payne set his strong shoulder to the door, and sent it crashing in. For a moment he stood motionless, then sprang forward with a cry. Mrs. Trevor-Payne, after one look, sank into a corner, and burst into hysterical laughter. Von Arndt covered his face with his hands, muttering, "Not that! Oh, mein Gott! Not that!"

As the white light streamed in through the jagged edges of the broken panel, they saw Kathleen, a huddled heap on the bed. Her face



THESE FIVE CHILDREN, THE MOTHERS OF WHOM ARE SISTERS, WERE BORN IN DIAMOND JUBILEE YEAR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"Where is Kathleen?" said their hostess. "We cannot find her anywhere. It is most mysterious. The curtain has just fallen, and yet she has completely disappeared."

None of the other performers had seen her depart, but no trace of her could be found either on the stage or among the audience.

"It is most mysterious," repeated Mrs. Trevor-Payne. "If you will excuse me, I shall go and look in her room. She may have slipped away to avoid being congratulated."

On her return their hostess looked yet more puzzled. "Her door is locked, and the room seems dark," she said.

"It is not well," said the German suddenly. "I am sure it is not well. I should break down the door."

"What do you mean?" said Charlie Payne quickly. He had never liked the mysterious foreigner, who now seemed to have a clue to the mystery.

"Let us go," said the German, and led the way masterfully upstairs, while the others followed, their astonishment too great to allow them to protest against his extraordinary conduct. Mrs. Payne, unwilling to leave her guests, was yet compelled to go with the young men, mutely resolving that never again should hypnotic and unaccountable Germans disturb her English calm. When they reached the door Von Arndt knocked loudly again and again, but no answer was returned.

was white and drawn, and she was dressed in the dark-blue riding-habit which she had worn when Charlie lifted her from her horse. They could see it still splashed with mud and foam, now caked and dry. Von Arndt came forward, and took for a moment the cold hand. Then he turned and faced them.

"She has been dead for some hours," he said slowly.

## WE ARE FIVE.

The year of Diamond Jubilee will be remembered by one family, for its five married daughters each had a child during last summer, as you will note from the extraordinary photograph reproduced on this page. The picture opens a great question. What about the birthday parties of those children? Cousin A, one fears, may get quite sick and sorry, so far as his (or is it her?) digestion is concerned, before he works his way through the birthday feasts of his cousins B, C, D, and E; all of whom will be celebrating their anniversaries almost at one and the same time; in fact, the five fond mothers will have a busy time at the birthday season. The achievement of the five sisters may be regarded as a unique method of celebrating the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign.

## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Those good people who never enter a theatre may be surprised by the statement that the ordinary farce is a sermon in disguise. Yet it is true. Three farces out of four teach with vigour the lesson that the best thing to do when you find yourself in an awkward position is to tell the truth. No doubt there are wicked exceptions, such as "Pink Dominos," which show that the lies may be carried out successfully to the end, but they are rare. Take the case of Adam Pembleton, Professor of Chemistry, and central figure of "Shadows on the Blind," by Mr. Darnley and Mr. Bruce, just produced at Terry's Theatre. Late one evening, when he was working in his laboratory—word of many syllables and modes of mispronunciation—someone knocked at the door; he opened it. A half-fainting woman with a baby in her arms staggered in. Who was she? An utter stranger. What was he to do? He could not call his young, pretty, second wife, since she was away from home. Happy thought—a four-wheeler was standing hard by. Adam bundled the woman into it; but, ere he could hand in the babe, the horse bolted and left him with his embarrassing burden. Though he was a man of more than middle-age, and a father, for by his first marriage Adam had a son named Gerald, the Professor of Chemistry was much puzzled as to the treatment of the child, and, in fact, spent the whole night in vain efforts to render it silent and happy, and, since he arranged the lights in the laboratory clumsily, his shadow was seen on the blind, and so was that of the baby.

Now, Mrs. Pembleton and her formidable mother, Mrs. Gullick, were to arrive next day. The Professor, who stood in awe of his

## "THE MEDICINE MAN," AT THE LYCEUM.

Some seek solace for the pangs of misprized love in drink, some in religion, some in science. When young Tregenna, ship's doctor, found that Helen, the woman whom he loved, had married someone else, he flung himself, mind and soul, into the study of psychology, and, alas! made the lamentable error of mistaking means for end. He slaved for joy in knowledge, and not for use of knowledge, and in his studies of the brains of others marred his own. The student of manias became a monomaniac, and in his mad craving for knowledge lost even sense of honour. At his Hampstead retreat he played with human minds as the Japanese play with trees, and distorted them almost at will. He grew famous. Yet the good sense of the East-End, where he sought patients, caused a feeling of distrust. 'Arry and 'Arriet noticed that those whom the doctor cured—cured of a drink habit or taste for wife—"bashing"—died soon after the cure, and when Bill Burge, most terrible and brutal of dock-labourers, was fixed upon by the Medicine Man as his prey, there was quite a shudder in Whitechapel.

Even after thirty years or so spent in experiments on human minds, the heart of Tregenna did not die, and when he met Sylvia, daughter of his Helen and of Lord Belhurst her husband, an intense feeling of hatred of her father arose in his mind, accompanied by a longing for revenge. Vengeance lay at his hand; for the West-Enders were more gullible than the East, and Lord Belhurst, fearful lest Sylvia might have some taint of the madness which killed her mother, entrusted her as patient to Tregenna. It is horrible to think that any man could be guilty of such a foul breach of trust as that of Tregenna, who accepted her



MISS LOUIE FREEAR IMPERSONATES TWO PEOPLE AND THREE DIFFERENT PARTS IN "JULIA."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANA, STRAND.

new mother-in-law, feared that his little uninvited guest might be considered an intruder, and that his tale of the cab and the half-fainting woman would sound a little stranger than fiction, so, unfortunately—for himself and others, too, alas!—he determined to keep the whole affair secret and get rid of the babe, even at some sacrifice of truth. He begged his maid-servant Martha to dispose of the child, and she, being, presumably, an idiot, thought that he wished to have it murdered; he asked his man-servant, James Green, to help Martha, and when Gerald, his son, came, he started him off, with a promise of twenty pounds if successful, on another baby-relieving expedition. As a matter of fact, Gerald was the right person to have chosen, since he was really the father of the intruding babe, for the young man had eloped with a pretty girl named Amy MacTavish and married her, and wished to get his father's *ex post facto* consent to the marriage. What was the outcome of all this? Prodigious, bewildering confusion and vexation. The Professor got into hot water with everyone, and even was led to believe that he had killed the child and was being arrested for murder. Of course, in the end the truth prevailed.

"Shadows on the Blind" is a very old-fashioned, noisy farce of no great ingenuity, but it caused a good deal of laughter, and may well amuse simple-minded playgoers. Mr. Edward Terry worked prodigiously and effectively as Adam, and Miss Fanny Coleman, Miss Esmé and Miss Vera Beringer played cleverly.

In "Julia" Miss Louie Freear impersonates two people and three different parts—

- (1) She appears as "Julia," the daughter of the broken-down "gentleman"
- (2) She personates her brother, who is to be adopted by an old aunt, the real brother having previously become
- (3) A "buttons" with the same patroness.

This seems a little complicated in print, but Miss Freear differentiates the three very cleverly.

as patient with the intention of using her as an instrument of vengeance. His task was easy. Constant association with Bill, a monster who seemed to have been born of a nightmare, might have unhinged the mind of the girl without the hypnotic influences employed by Tregenna. However, the more potent part of the system was the hypnotism used by the doctor in a manner that might have surprised even a Charcot. Very soon Sylvia was entirely under the power of the doctor, body and brain—one is almost tempted to say "soul" as well. Then he poisoned her mind against her father, telling her that the poor man, who, apparently, was the best of husbands, had starved her mother's soul, had caused her to die of misery in a loveless marriage. The poor girl believed these lies, and forthwith hated the father who loved her, because of the mother whom she had barely known. So, when Lord Belhurst visited the retreat, his child shunned him with horror. Not unnaturally, he insisted upon an explanation, and in a few minutes it became clear that Belhurst had done no wrong to Tregenna—had not even heard of his existence when he married Helen. So Tregenna felt that he had been a fool as well as villain. By way of reparation, he almost instantaneously cured Sylvia, and restored her safe and sound to her father and her sweetheart. After this, Bill Burge, acting sensibly for once, murdered the Doctor by strangling him.

It is to be feared that the world will consider such a work morbid as well as melancholy. That the phenomena of hypnotism as used in the work are hardly in accord with what is at present known is perhaps of no great importance; but that the piece is puzzling as to motive and gloomy rather than thrilling may be vital. Sir Henry, in the part of Tregenna, was very powerful at times, and suggested very ingeniously the hypnotic power which controlled his victims. Miss Ellen Terry, the Sylvia, acted charmingly, particularly in the scene where she learns the details of her mother's death. Mr. Mackintosh played effectually as Bill Burge, and excellent work was done by others of the company.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The artistic world is again drawn on for material in Mr. Burgin's new story, despite its name, "The Cattle Man" (Grant Richards). Of all this writer's stories this seems to me the easiest, the smoothest to read. It is very amiable in intention and good-spirited in fact. But evidently it does not purpose shirking the sterner parts of life; and this makes its want of reality no holiday pleasure, but an offence. It contrives somehow, against its will, to be an extravaganza, filled with unreal artists, unreal villains, unreal priests, and monstrous women. The end of Angiolina, rescued from the music-hall by Father Bonivean, is an outrage. Her career there might have been energetic and honourable. Outside she was sure to be a worry to every man, woman, and child of her acquaintance. For what "gallery" is Mr. Burgin writing that he should drop the curtain on a scene of such mock morality and sham pathos? But, if you like to read a cheerful, moral fairy-tale of a very young Canadian painter that took London by storm with his first picture and won a very elegant lady in the teeth of terrible odds, and had his career quite settled while he was still a fledgling, then "The Cattle Man" is just the thing for you.

Mr. Le Gallienne has journeyed into a much wholesomer country since he wrote "The Quest of the Golden Girl." His new story, "The Romance of Zion Chapel" (Lane), is a very different kind of thing, and, so far as the literary form is concerned, I am doubtful if he has ever done anything better. He will never write of real life, really—he will always be inclined to vulgarise or to prettify it; but there are phases of real life that can stand being prettified, and these he can treat with a charm all his own. There is a love-story in this book which, in its earlier stages, is very nearly perfect in its innocence and freshness. Alas! the smell of the charnel-house comes too soon; for, unluckily, Mr. Le Gallienne cannot withstand the pathetic temptations of a consumptive death-bed. And then, too, since he is a modern, the love-story has to be complicated by the appearance of a fascinating third party. But she is a well-conducted third party, on the whole, and we should think well of her if, in the last scenes, she had been enough in love with life to resist the sensational attractions of suicide by the side of her beloved Methodist minister. There is not one personage marked out for tragedy, but they all die in becoming attitudes—to save Mr. Le Gallienne the trouble, I suppose, of proving that his saintly hero loved two women equally well and remained a saint.

I wonder what Nonconformists will think of the Zion Chapel and the Zionists here described. In spite of the ugliness of their surroundings, in spite of the stupidity of the great powers outside their borders, it is a kind of fairy-land they live in. Not a word of all the rubs, the difficulties, the petty jealousies, the sordid cares, which are stern facts to at least some members of the best religious communities. No, the young pastor is evidently the most successful manager, the delight of every deacon, the trusted, the adored, of every man, woman, and child; and yet he lived in a charming freedom, just as a man of equal virtue might have lived in the Quartier Latin. No minor poet of the Metropolis could have permitted himself more advanced ideas, and yet, such was his art that, when he stuffed Ibsen and Tolstoi and Verlaine down the throats of the butlerman and the grocer's wife, these worthies seemed to like the fare. One of them shied at a Morris wall-paper; it is the only recorded act of rebellion. Where, oh where is this Nonconformist haven of freedom, this centre of sweetness and light? No, the real history of the Rev. Theophilus Londonderry was otherwise. For gross neglect of his duties, and for contumacy against the brethren, he was discharged. He found many ardent friends ready to pay his fare to London, where he starved in the most interesting fashion, till he was allowed to sing for his supper one evening at the hostelry of the Bodley Head. His story is much pleasanter as Mr. Le Gallienne tells it; but we almost wish it had been written according to our suggestions, for we could then have respected the charming young preacher. As it is, he is not very respectable, but we have a sneaking liking for him until Jenny dies. At that point he becomes insufferable. Imagine a man putting on airs at such a time! But that is what he did. Listen: "Sorrow, too, is an aristocracy, and, when Theophil came to realise that, as Jenny had been found worthy to die, he had been found worthy to suffer, it seemed to him almost vulgar only to have been happy. . . . No consciousness of his gifts had ever given Theophil any such sense of his belonging to the chosen and dedicated minority of mankind as this initiation into the Secret Society of Sorrow. He had been chosen to represent a sacred order. He stood for no lesser interests than those of Love and Death." Very pretty language to cover an objectionable attitude!

But I do not wish my last words to be other than appreciative of the good moments of this romance. The foundation of the newspaper, the *Dawn*, is one of the good moments. Many a middle-aged man will read it and smile with sympathy, and long for his lost, his ridiculous, his happy youth. "The poet, on his part, guaranteed to supply all the poetry that might be required, and, indeed, agreed to do special rhyming advertisements at, say, half-a-guinea apiece. He would also assist Londonderry in the political and municipal departments, not only in their higher flights, but lend a hand even in castigations of local jobs, abuses, and absurdities." This is at least a faithful picture of the endless energy, the endless hopefulness of youth. There is a delightful amount of youth in the book, till the wearisome second woman, with her alleged and unproved powers of fascination, comes on the scene to muddle up the idyll into a second-rate novel.

o. o.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Cuban War, as history will probably prefer to call it in preference to the inaccurate term "Hispano-American," would seem to be about to come to a fairly speedy end, in spite of its slow beginnings. The Manila battle has wiped out the Spanish naval strength in the Pacific, and possibly finished Spanish rule in the Philippines for good and all. Another naval battle, which may take place before these lines appear in print, and will probably have a similar result, will practically finish matters. It will not be necessary to pour a big army into Cuba. A few thousand picked and seasoned men to stiffen the insurgents will suffice to shut up the Spaniards in the towns, and possibly to rush Havana. The Elizabethans used to beat Spain in her colonies on land as well as on sea, and with absurdly small numbers, at a time when Spanish regular soldiers were admittedly the best in Europe. But there was in the Englishman of that day, as in his descendants, a certain reckless disregard of military convention that gave him the victory then, even as it did over a far different but equally conventional foe at Inkerman.

Publicists are already wondering what will be done with the Philippines and Cuba, for it is tolerably plain that Spain will have not much more to do with either. It would be curious if the United States offered us Manila, for, if nations could be sued like private persons, we should be holding the Philippines now. We took them once, and Spain never paid the ransom agreed on. It would look badly to share in the spoil now, but somebody must have the Philippines. Cuba will probably be a bad failure as a republic, but even Cuba is more hopeful in that capacity than an archipelago of half-civilised Malaysians. Could not we buy the colony from Spain?

In the meantime, all Great Britain has to do is to preserve neutrality and see that others do the same. France is busy preparing her fleet, and obviously means no good by it. It may mean interference in the Cuban quarrel, or an attack on British interests in the Far East or West Africa. In any case it is probably more than a mere election move. Intervention in the American contest is simply not to be allowed by this country. The complete overthrow of the Spaniards may incite some of the more ignorant and virulent of American politicians to urge interference with Canada and other British colonies; but this is a risk that seems inconsiderable, and must be taken. With all their defects of manner in policy, the United States are the modern Power, the people with many of our own ways of seeing things. The bulk of Englishmen are bound to sympathise with them against Spain, as they do with Mr. Rhodes against President Kruger. The Cuban rebels may be, and doubtless are, far less respectable than the Uitlanders; the political manoeuvres that led up to the present intervention may be as discreditable as the preliminaries of the Jameson raid: but the conflict, at bottom, is between mediæval and modern ideas.

The Turk, the Spaniard, and the Boer are all in the way. They are essentially obsolete. Their small successes in beating back progressive forces will not last. We may be sorry for them or not, but it is no use taking their side. The nature of things is against them. A day will come when the Boer will no longer shoot straighter than other men, and he will go the way of the game he has exterminated. The Spaniard never did shoot particularly straight, even three hundred years ago. The Turk's momentary revival is the work of foreign coaching; it is not likely to last. Whether we approve of the progressive races or not, we cannot very well oppose them.

That is, I think, the feeling at the bottom of the average Englishman's heart as regards the present war. He may not have any great enthusiasm for the United States, nor does he feel an overpowering friendship for his remote kinsmen. He is not moved by the fact that his own National Anthem and one of the National Anthems of the United States happen to have the same tune, so that ignorant British journalists assure him that Americans are singing "God Save the Queen." By the way, the real German National Anthem has the same tune again. But it is simply an impossibility for the average Englishman to take the side of Spain except in a merely platonic sympathy for the weaker side in a fight. The Spaniard is so obviously an anachronism. He was behind the times even when he built the Armada. In many ways, he has not got out of the Middle Ages yet. He is Don Quixote charging a locomotive. We may be sorry for him, but either he must be smashed or we must admit that the world has been on the wrong track for three or four hundred years. Now we do not like to do this, especially as our nation has had a very fair, or more than fair, share of the good things of these centuries.

It is the parable of the slothful servant over again. Columbus gave Spain the New World, and Spain is now giving up perforce the last relic of her misused capital. The Turks have held some of the fairest and most fertile lands of Europe and Asia, and their State is bankrupt and falling to pieces. The Boers have had millions of gold raised for them, and have wasted them on unnecessary arms and reactionary government. From those that have not is to be taken away that which they have. It is not the Socialistic ideal; but it is how things happen.—MARMITON.



## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, May 11, 8.36; Thursday, 8.38; Friday, 8.39; Saturday, 8.41; Sunday, 8.43; Monday, 8.44; Tuesday, 8.46.

One of the best stories of a cycling adventure that has appeared for many months is Grant Allen's third number of Miss Cayley's adventures, published in the current *Strand Magazine*. It is headed, "The Adventure of the Inquisitive American."

Who shall decide when ecclesiastics disagree? The Rev. H. R. Haweis's views upon the subject of Sunday cycling are very different from those of the Bishop of Oxford, to which I referred a fortnight ago. Mr. Haweis, instead of deprecating the prevailing and steadily growing fashion of bicycling on Sundays, has gone so far as to allow bicycles to be left in the porch of St. James's Church during the hours of Sunday service. So sensible a step in the right direction ought promptly to be followed by other dignitaries of the Church, and then, perhaps, the sacred edifices of London would be crowded more often than they are at present. Mr. Haweis, however, would confer a still greater benefit upon his congregation if he were to place a few of the patent automatic penny-in-the-slot cycle-holders in his porch. Nobody would grudge paying a penny to guarantee the safety of his or her machine during the service-hour, and nowadays some sort of guarantee of security is sorely needed when cycles are left unattended, owing to the multiplicity of professional cycle-thieves at present plying their trade in London as well as in the provinces.

Week by week the divided skirt is gaining popularity, and I think it safe to predict that this style of garment will, among ladies, be the cycling-skirt of the future. By "divided skirt," of course, I do not mean the odious "bifurcated garment," as it is called, but the skirt made to hang down evenly on both sides of the back wheel, so that entanglement either with the chain or with the wheel becomes practically impossible. When the cyclist is dismounted the skirt hangs like any other neatly built skirt, no division in it being visible. The price of a well-cut cycling-dress, complete, with the skirt made in the way described, is about five guineas, a price at which, I think, nobody ought to grumble, especially as the wearer of such a costume will probably save herself all coroner's fees and funeral expenses as well as the inconvenience of premature dissolution.

"Ought ladies to coast?" A correspondent writes me a long letter of which this question forms the gist. Most certainly ladies ought to coast, if they have sufficient self-confidence to do so, for coasting saves the rider an immense amount of exertion, and affords pleasant variety as well. This remark applies, of course, to ladies cycling in the country, and I may here add that a powerful and dependable brake is a *sine quâ non* to the machine of the cyclist who wishes to coast. Naturally, none but an idiot, male or female, would attempt to coast through traffic.

Another correspondent wishes to know "the best sort of drink to take when cycling in hot weather." The natural reply would be "a cool drink," but this reply would not necessarily be the right one. My own experience and that of many of my cycling acquaintance has gone far to prove that either gin and ginger-beer or else shandygaff—which latter, for the benefit of my guileless readers, I may describe as a compound of beer and ginger-beer in equal proportions—are by far the best mixtures in which to indulge when one is cycling in hot weather and along dusty roads. Whisky-and-soda and brandy-and-soda are perhaps the worst forms of "tippie" in which the cyclist can indulge during a ride, especially if he be one of the many wheelmen who love to repeat the dose whenever they pass a hotel or even a rustic ale-house. As a fact, the less the cyclist drinks the further he will be able to travel and the better he will feel at the end of the day.

The war between Spain and the United States is likely to affect cycle-manufacturers in this country to a considerable extent. It is not

that there is much demand for American machines in England, but they have become very popular abroad, and our export trade has fallen off greatly within the last year. For the month of March the decrease recorded is nearly £75,000 as compared with the same month last year. The American exports have, on the other hand, largely increased. It is a question which has puzzled many people what becomes of all the American bicycles brought into this country. One firm in Liverpool is said to have seventeen thousand of them in stock at the present time. Yet we are patriotic enough to "support home industries" in cycles as well as in wax vestas—to such an extent, indeed, that a machine of American manufacture is a comparative rarity on British roads. We must conclude, therefore, that the majority of these machines are reshipped to the Continent.

To what use the wheel will be put in the present war remains to be seen. Each of the combatants is said to possess a cycle corps attached to its army, but I have not yet seen any mention made of them in the telegrams from the seat of war. I know nothing of the condition of the roads in Cuba, or if the country is adapted for cycling, but, having heard so much of military cycle corps, it will be interesting to learn if they are of practical use in real warfare.



GUS ELEN.

Photo by Thomas, Chapside.

I hope it is not necessary to warn readers of *The Sketch* against the dangerous habit of riding brakeless machines. In descending a hill it is not, of course, advisable to use the brake when, by back-pedaling, the machine can be kept sufficiently under control; for the use of the brake tends to wear the tyre unduly. Yet even on comparatively easy gradients an accident may occur which might be prevented were the bicycle fitted with a brake. Two such accidents have occurred within the last few weeks. One happened in France, where a M. Jules Delaunay was rapidly descending a hill, when he lost his pedals, and, being unable to check his machine, dashed violently into a house and was killed on the spot.

The other fatality occurred near Gloucester. Two cyclists were descending Birdlip Hill, and, both losing control, came fearful croppers at the bottom. They were picked up immediately afterwards by a gentleman who was driving along the road, and who kindly conveyed them to the Gloucester Infirmary, where one of them died without recovering consciousness. Both these fatal accidents might have been averted had the riders not been using brakeless machines.

The bicycle has much to answer for. Horse-dealers and carriage-hirers profess to be on the road to ruin through their trade diminishing. Physicians, of course, must have many idle hours on their hands since the cycle-manufacturers have become the health-restorers of the world; though surgeons, it must be admitted, are now and again necessary. The latest wail comes from the song-writers. In the current number of the *Lady's Realm* Mr. A. H. Behrend laments that bicycling has done much to harm music—at least, so far as ladies are concerned—for there is nothing like the demand for music that there was before cycling came into such general vogue.

We live in an age of progress, but, if certain travellers' tales are to be believed, there are many people who do not consider that progress is a thing to be desired at all, and who have withdrawn themselves from the world to enjoy the blessings of Arcadian simplicity. Some time ago, in an island near Formosa, a colony of several hundred Europeans of all nations was discovered who lived there peacefully and happily without laws and without government. Again, a little community was found in the Arctic Ocean, where all were so contented with their lot that when one of them, an Englishman, learned that he had inherited a fortune at home, he preferred to remain in his seclusion rather than take the trouble to go and claim it. A week or two ago the death of a troglodyte was announced in Holland. This uncongenial individual retired to a cavern thirty years ago and declined to come out, much preferring his hole in the rock and his own society to mixing with his fellow-creatures.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

The win of Disraeli in the Two Thousand Guineas was a big surprise to the majority of backers, but John Dawson senior and Mr. Wallace Johnstone maintained throughout the spring that the colt could not be beaten, and the big son of Galopin and Lady Yardley has improved apace since his two-year-old days. The victory of Nun Nicer in the One Thousand Guineas was highly popular, and was full of merit. Sir Blundell Maple has for a long time met with wretched luck on the Turf, but it was gratifying to see the change come at last, and Sir Blundell was more than ever pleased to know that a daughter of Common had turned out to be such a good mare. Nun Nicer has an easy task for the Oaks.

It is feared that the Derby will fall flat, as many good judges think the race is all over bar shouting for Disraeli. I do not agree with them, as Dieudonne must be close up to the winner of the Guineas wherever they finish, and, unless I am sorely mistaken, Wildfowler will run a much better horse at Epsom than he did at Newmarket. Further, Craftsman, who finished third for the City and Suburban, is very likely to do well in the Derby, for he has run a good public trial, and he is trained on good wholesome going down Winchester way by Hurst, who knows how to prepare horses for their races.

Indirectly the Government of this country makes a good thing out of betting, as, thanks to the law, a large volume of business is done with the Continental list men. Each letter takes a 2½d. stamp, and the bulk of the money invested is despatched by means of Post Office Orders. One firm of Continental commission agents acknowledge to having 50,000 customers, which proves that a big share of the betting is done across the water. Agents in this country hedge the big bets.



SIR BLUNDELL MAPLE'S NUN NICER, WINNER OF THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS.

Although several jockeys have to go in for fasting, I notice they do not abstain from champagne, which, I should say, is the last thing in the world they should partake of when eating so little. Riders like Wood and Cannon, who are thoroughly abstemious, never lack for nerve, but I am certain some of the middle-weights, who almost entirely live on bread and grape-juice, would be able to finish in races better if they gave up the wine altogether. It may revive their spirits *pro tem.*, but only at the expense of their constitutions, and, as a rule, the dyspeptic jockey is he who has loved wine. CAPTAIN COE.



THE START FOR THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

The West of England race-meetings do not do as well as they should. Bath, seemingly, has taken a new lease of life, but the prizes offered are not sufficiently large to attract good horses to Lansdown, and the racing, as a rule, is very far below the quality of the sport shown us years ago. The same remark applies to the Salisbury fixture, over which Mr. E. S. Brown so ably presides. If the Bibury Club transfer their day's racing to the Salisbury course, the meeting should thrive, but, before it becomes a big success, it will be necessary to attract more of the Newmarket-trained horses to the course.

It is essential to the success of a big plunger that he should enjoy good health, and it is a well-known fact that many of the punters decline to have a bet of any kind when they feel seedy. Writing after a big experience extending over twenty years, I might add that I wish the poor vaticinator could have a rest each time he felt a bit seedy. In that case, not half the losers would be given that now appear in the papers. It is practically impossible to be successful at tipping if, say, you are suffering from a severe attack of gout.

To prove how many bad three-year-olds there are in training, it is only necessary to note the fact that of the 230 original subscribers to the Newmarket Stakes a mere handful will go to the post, and the interest in the race will simmer down almost to zero. If this race were really started to take the wind out of the sails of the Derby, it has failed lamentably in its mission; the popularity of the blue riband of the Turf is as great as ever, and it will continue to maintain its international character despite all-comers. I think Santhia has a great chance of winning the Newmarket Stakes if Sir James Miller allows the filly to run.

## HOCKEY.

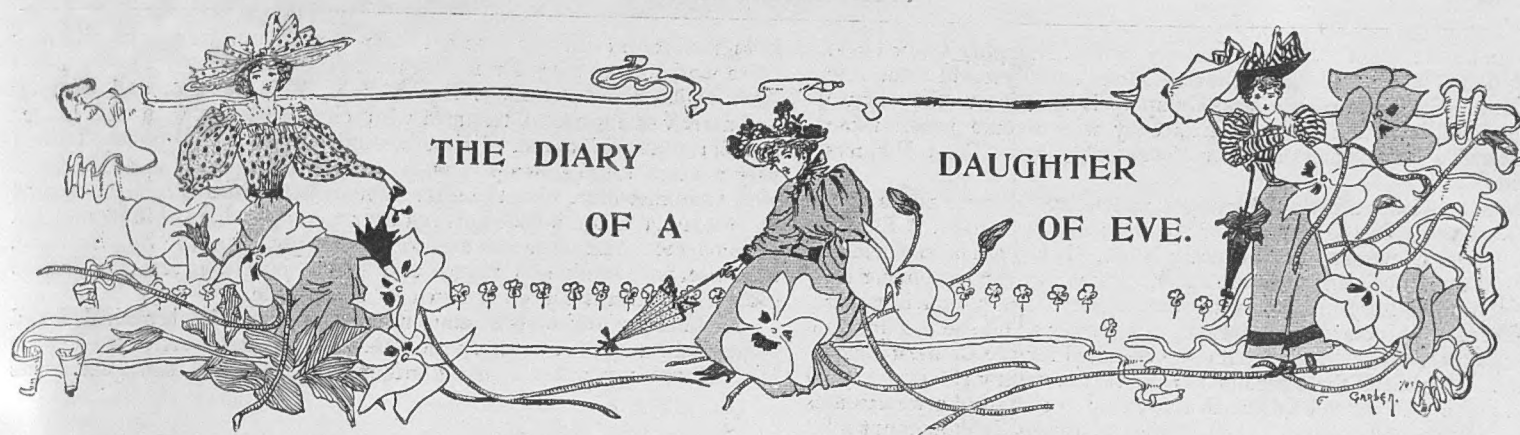
Queen Elizabeth's School, at Kingston-on-Thames, is proud of its hockey team. During the past season it has played twenty-five games, winning seventeen, losing six, and drawing two, representing a total of 145 goals against 70. The school has always played against clubs except once, when it played and defeated a London school by 8 to 1. Among the prominent Southern teams it has beaten are Finchley (twice), Hawks (twice), Ilford, Staines, and Crystal Palace (once).



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.





*Thursday.*—I cannot think of anything, or speak of anything, or write of anything but "The Medicine Man," at the Lyceum Theatre. He has hypnotised my senses, and I have quite made up my mind to read everything Charcot has ever written, to ascertain everything he ever did, and to become an earnest disciple at the feet of the mesmerist, especially

voluminous frills of shaded chiffons. Her entry is made in a gown of white satin covered with golden net glittering with gold, while a shower of roses falls from one shoulder to the hem; pink roses these are, and their twin sister finds a place at one side of her hair, just over the ear. Her walking-dress, which is of a curious shade of colour, between



DRESSES IN "THE MEDICINE MAN," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

when the feet are at one end of a body tangible if slender, and labelled "Irving."

Ellen Terry is a poem in herself—half-spirit, half-woman; she looks like a Burne-Jones picture when she sits in the blue-green atmosphere of the fir-shaded garden, and there is a touch of the divine in her ethereal face, which assumes an opal tint through which her eyes shine bluely. Her dress in this is a mass of soft, shaded blue-and-purple chiffons, with a tracing of paillettes glittering down one side of the skirt, and just across the front of the bodice, while the train shoots forth

apricot and gold, has a sash made of three tones of brown and corn-colour, chiffon frills falling either side of lace stoles, while her hat is of black, with many black ostrich-feathers drooping over the brim.

I met a heap of people I knew at the theatre, where I was personally conducted by the enthusiastic Julia, who explained everything between each act, on a scientific basis which did not matter, but she was very pleased about it; having a nephew who has studied hypnotism for many years, she is "cocksure" on this subject as well as all others. There is nothing on earth or in heaven that Julia does not know. I must



recommend her though to an earnest study of Mrs. Humphry's new book, "A Word to Women." This is the latest addition to the series of admirably bound little volumes in which Mrs. Humphry is teaching us the way we should go; and I shall mark on Julia's copy with a blue pencil those articles headed "Candour as a Home Commodity" and "Good Manners at Home."

*Saturday.*—I was a little embarrassed yesterday. Florrie said to me, "What are you going to give me for my new place at Goring?" Florrie has lately become possessed of a country house. It has not been officially announced to me that she has come into a fortune, but she has taken unto herself a more or less lordly place on the Upper Thames, and is going to furnish it by voluntary subscriptions. I honestly think she is going to take for its adornment all the money she collected for the Charing Cross Hospital. I must tell the secretary to look to the matter; it is a good charity, and ought not to be defrauded, even by so charming a woman as Florrie. "What am I going to give her for her new house in the country?" That question was worrying me all yesterday. I had not the slightest intention of giving her anything, being always in a condition of realising that it is more blessed to receive than to give; but I was walking down Regent Street this morning, and, passing No. 75, observed the new Crick Lite lamps in the window, and went in to investigate their charms. These are manifold, for they possess all the advantages of a candle and a lamp in one, and they are quite safe, and the ideal things for a country house. I bought four remarkably pretty ones, with stands of crystal and silver tops in the shape of candlesticks, these forming a resting-place for a sort of idealised night-light, which is supplied with a small glass chimney and a silken shade. I shall send these to Florrie, and then sit at home and regret that I did not keep them for myself.

After thus doing my duty by my sister and my pleasure by myself, I lounged about investigating the fashions in the shop-windows, and I saw a hat that I wanted very badly, made of light-blue straw, trimmed with mauve orchids and mauve velvet rosettes. And then I went into Alice Riley's, of 15, Hanover Street, Hanover Square, to see what new frocks she

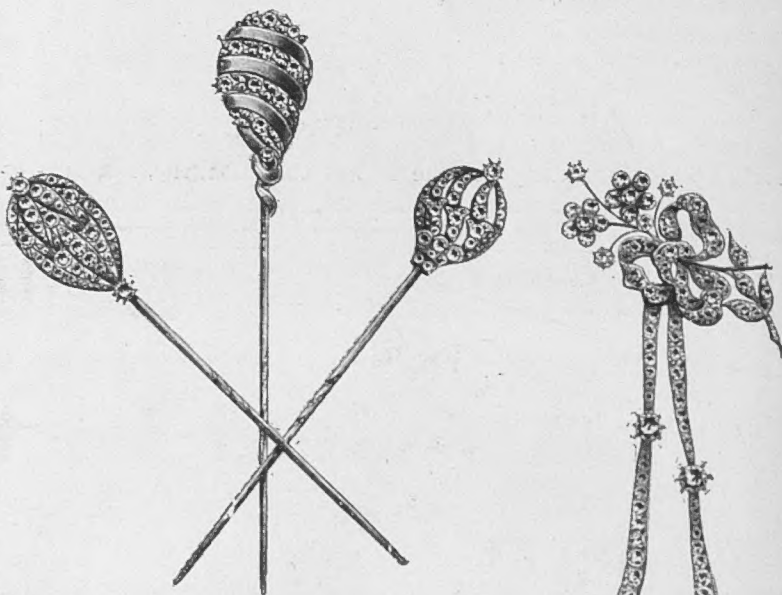


DRESS MADE FOR MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

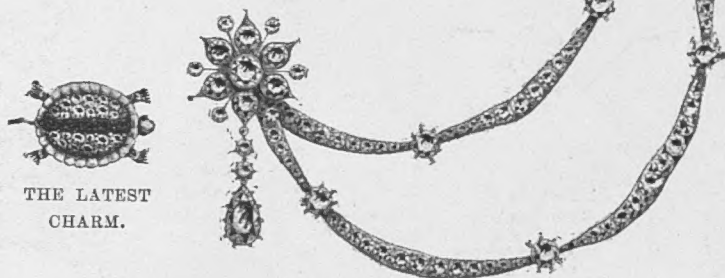
had worthy of my attention, and chanced on one she had just made for Irene Vanbrugh; a very pretty dress it was, made of dove-grey voile, with a bodice showing a yoke of transparent lace, outlined with gathered ribbons, fastened with rosettes of chiffon and turquoise buttons.

Miss Vanbrugh evidently does not carry her crinoline into private life, for there would be no room for it beneath her evening-gown of soft black satin, which Alice Riley also showed me. This was soft and clinging and narrow and graceful, trimmed with chiffon ruches, with the bodice in fichu style with a sash of silver-spangled tulle and chiffon. I liked very much a serge gown I saw, too, of a thick quality in white, lined with turquoise-blue, with the skirt lifted at both sides to show a tucked under-skirt, and the bodice opening over a vest of blue chiffon and old yellow lace. And there was a good evening-gown in the Empire style, of white with pink and mauve and green jewels, green jewels also glittering persuasively on a gown of black tulle.

And talking of jewels reminds me of that beautiful brooch I found at the Goldsmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, last week; its elegance has induced my artist to its glorification, so that I can gaze at its



SOME ATTRACTIVE HAT-PINS.



THE LATEST CHARM.

THE NEWEST BROOCH AT THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.

picture and remember the good effect of the loose chain of diamonds which unites the two ornaments, while I recall the glittering glories of the diamond hat-pins and the convincing wobble of the head of the tortoise with the gem-studded shell. But I must not sit here scribbling any more; I must go and dress. Gertie is to conduct me to "The Club Baby," at the Avenue, which, I hear, is exceedingly funny; and I want to see Miss Vane Featherston's frock of yellow satin with sleeves and chemisette spangled, spangled swallows extending their golden wings on the skirt. Rumour has whispered its charms to me, and also credits her with a rose-coloured brocaded opera-cloak with many virtues. I will sit no longer on the order of my going to dress, but go.

#### TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

**BARBARA CARLYON.**—It is all right now; if you send the letter again to the same address it will be received. The trouble was caused by the lady not having gone into residence; however, she is there now, and I should be so glad to know the result of your visit to her.

**KANA.**—I heard of a charming sailor-hat the other day which had just come from Paris, trimmed with a group of brown, softly shaded, speckled wings at one side, while at the other was a rosette of Mandarin-yellow velvet. How does this suggestion please you? Any of the good milliners would carry it out. A capital dressmaker, who is not too expensive, is Alice Riley, 15, Hanover Street, Hanover Square. She would make you a foulard for the price you name, and make it well too. Thanks for your letter.

**PENELOPE.**—The best racing-coat I have seen was at Lewis and Allenby's, in Conduit Street, made of very light drab cloth with a skirt-piece put on, the back a sac, but very slightly loose. They will show the model at once if you go there and ask for it. And, if you change your mind about the blue, see also at Lewis and Allenby's their new model in short black satin jackets; this is exceedingly smart. I always get my gloves at the Louvre, Paris—"Gants Reynier" is the make. My favourite colour is tabac-brown; and putty-colour is much in vogue this year, but this is too extravagant for any but the wealthy.

**JEAN MARIE.**—The black chip hat could well be trimmed with white tulle; that, in combination with black and white feathers, would be the best. I do not think it would need any flowers; the rosettes could be made of white tulle beneath the brim, but, if you insist upon flowers, then white gardenias or camellias would be the best for you to choose. Soft batiste shirts with insertions of black lace I should like, and these could easily be sent to the cleaner. The Goldsmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, have lovely jewelled hat-pins. I will find out about the other question and will write you later on. VIRGINIA.



## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on May 24.*

## MONEY.

The operations in connection with the transfer of balances for payment of the final instalment of the Chinese Indemnity at the end of last week had very little effect upon the market, provision for this transaction having been made in anticipation. The Bank Return was again a strong one, the Reserve showing an increase of £1,683,000, bringing up its ratio to liabilities to 44½ per cent., which compares with 41½ per cent. for the previous week. A feature of the week was the heavy influx of gold from abroad, amounting, as it did, to over £2,000,000. The only other movements worth referring to were increases of £1,313,758 in "Other" Deposits, and £1,758,580 in Notes, while, on the other hand, Public Deposits were lower by £822,471, and "Other" Securities by £1,166,804. Considerable uncertainty exists as to the course that money is likely to take in the near future. A great deal will doubtless depend upon American gold requirements, and it is generally thought that drawings upon our reserves will set in ere long from this direction.

## HOME RAILS.

Despite the substantial increases in the traffic returns, Home Rails have been very idle since we last wrote, and few movements in price of any consequence have been recorded. The uncertainty of the course of money alluded to above is doubtless the reason of this hesitancy on the part of the market to operate freely at the present juncture. We do not think that there is much likelihood of money getting considerably dearer, and even if it does the stringency will probably be of very temporary duration. In the event, however, of money getting cheaper, we will probably find a sharp rally in this department. A year ago, when the Bank Rate stood at 2½ per cent., prices of Home Rails generally were several points higher than they are at present, and when the aggregate increases in the traffics to date are taken into account, we think such a rise would be quite justifiable. For the week ending May 1 the improvements, as we have already indicated, were of a very substantial kind. The most noteworthy is that of the North-Eastern, which shows an increase, as compared with the corresponding week of last year, of £20,835. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and this increase is doubtless attributable to the coal strike in South Wales, which is diverting trade to the North of England. The same cause, however, continues to militate against the Great Western, which shows a decrease of £8150 for the week, although in the aggregate to date it is still £17,680 to the good, as compared with a year ago. The other comparisons in the traffic returns for the week worthy of note were increases of £12,391 in the Midland, £8490 London and North-Western, and £6340 in the Great Eastern.

## SOUTH AFRICAN MINING.

The following letter has just reached us from our Johannesburg correspondent in continuation of the story of the East Rand Proprietary properties begun in our issue of April 27—

## ANGELO.

The Angelo has 87½ reef-bearing claims, but the Home investor must never lose sight of the fact that of these only 60·62 contain the rich South Reef. The position is this: there are 73 claims to the north of the reef absolutely valueless for mining purposes, 27 claims carry only the North Reef, and 60·62 claims, still further to the south carry both reefs, the South overlying the North. Only the South Reef is being worked at present, the North, which is at a much greater depth, being a poor ore body, its precise value over this mine being uncertain. Taken as a whole, it may be payable, but all the knowledge we have goes to show that it will not yield, at the outside, more than a few shillings per ton profit on the existing basis of costs. For practical purposes, we may base our calculations on the South Reef claims alone, a remark that applies to the



HEAD-GEAR AT ANGELO SHAFT.

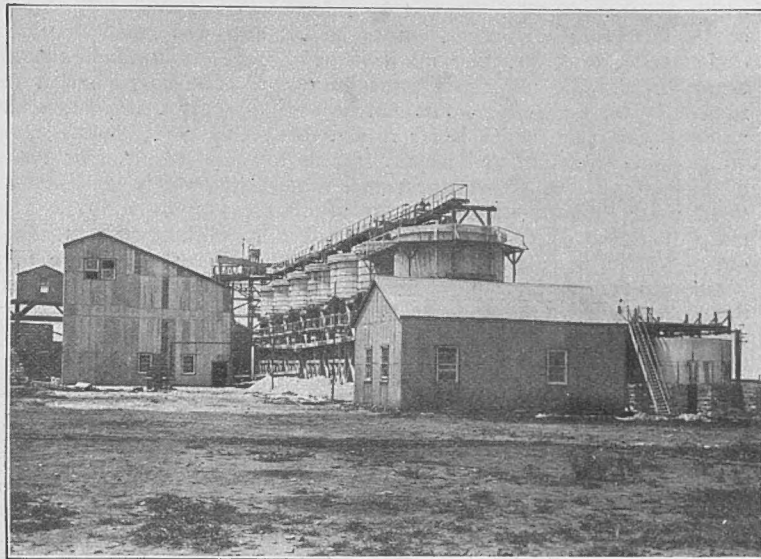
*Photo by H. Law, Johannesburg.*

Driefontein as well as the Angelo. About the beginning of the present year Anglos were as high as £6 and Driefonteins £4, but at the time of writing the market prices are 90s. and 60s. respectively, and at these figures the claim values

of the two properties, taking only the claims carrying both reefs, work out as follows—

	Claims carrying both reefs.	Total capital.	Price of shares.	Market value of claims.
Angelo ...	60·62 ...	£275,000	90s. ...	£20,000
Driefontein ...	71·55 ...	275,000	60s. ...	11,500

In this calculation the claims carrying only the poor North Reef are excluded—27 in the case of the Angelo and in the case of the Driefontein 42—but the intrinsic value of these, though the approximate amount be doubtful, is certainly so low



BATTERY AND CYANIDE PLANT, NEW COMET MINES.

*Photo by H. Law, Johannesburg.*

that the net result is not materially affected. What the investor now wishes to arrive at is the intrinsic value of each Angelo claim with the double reef series, so that he may decide whether the shares are dear or cheap at a price representing, roughly, £20,000 per claim.

Taking every consideration into account, each of the sixty Angelo claims may contain 20,000 tons of South Reef ore. I am aware that the latest official estimate places the amount somewhat higher, but I am also aware that earlier calculations were even lower than what I take as the average contents of South Reef per claim, after making due allowance for a probable flattening of the dip, for faults, &c. Of late the drives, as a rule, have disclosed a smaller body of ore than was the case some time ago. The third level, both east and west, is not maintaining the average three feet of ore which was kept up some months ago, and the fourth and fifth levels, though still opening up a fairly good reef, are showing no big widths. Driving has just been started on the sixth level. On the whole, recent development work has not yielded such high averages, either in value or size of reef, as in the days when it was the fashion to speak of the Angelo as the Robinson of the East Rand.

Working with sixty stamps leased from the New Comet, the Angelo has for some time kept up steady profits of about 40s. per ton milled. The yield has been slightly over 60s. per ton, and, if we take these figures as representative of the mine, then it would be easy to figure out the total prospective profits at £40,000 per claim from the South Reef alone. But I entirely discredit the statement that the Angelo can keep up an average yield of 60s. per ton, or average profits of 40s., and this will be apparent when there is a larger battery to feed. It has been comparatively easy of late, with the richest portions of the third level to draw ore from, and crushing only some six or seven thousand tons a month, to show high averages; but the pinch will come when the new battery of 110 stamps is working up to its full capacity, and 15,000 tons of ore are milled each month. Considering the occasional poor patches in the mine, and the portions of this reef in all the levels opened, it will be quite satisfactory if, with the most rigid sorting possible, a profit of 30s. per ton is shown, taking one year with another. This would represent a total profit of £30,000 per claim from the South Reef alone.

As regards the North Reef, which is about to be opened up, it is impossible, as yet, to speak with any definiteness. A large outlay will be incurred in opening this portion of the mine. Taking this into account, and also the probability of a certain proportion of the reef proving unpayable, and going, moreover, by the melancholy data supplied by the neighbouring Balmoral Company, which is attempting to work this same reef at a profit, it would certainly be a satisfactory performance if the Angelo netted a clear profit of £5000 or £6000 per claim from its North Reef; £10,000 per claim would be excellent. Investors who pay £20,000 for an Angelo claim (the equivalent of Anglos at 90s.) may thus reckon upon a return of £35,000 or £40,000 per claim, at the outside, in irregular payments spread over possibly about twenty years. The East Rand Proprietary holds 109,156 shares in the Angelo Company, and the intrinsic value of this asset may be estimated from the data given above.

## NEW COMET.

This other East Rand company has 82½ reef claims, of which about 60 carry the two reefs, the balance having only the North Reef, which alone was milled in 1895-6, showing an average yield for the two years of 30s. 9d. per ton. Last year, when the average return was higher, a proportion of South Reef was milled, and in recent months, with yields running up to 45s. and 46s. per ton, and profits to about 20s. per ton, the management has continued to draw upon the South Reef to a moderate extent. An even larger proportion of South Reef would be only a fair working of the mine. The Comet has only had to provide some 5000 tons of ore a month to feed 40 stamps, but now that the Angelo has thrown up the 60 on lease there will be 100, and provided they are all set to work on Comet ore, it will take a deal of management to keep up a steady return of 46s. per ton from a mine showing such irregularity in the value and size of the two reefs. The South Reef in the New Comet is a much smaller and poorer ore body, taken as a whole, than the corresponding reef in the Angelo or Driefontein, but it has occasional rich patches. The North Reef, on which the largest amount of work has been done in this mine—some 160,000 tons of ore being developed against 100,000 tons on the South Reef—is a payable body, assaying on an average from 15 to 16 dwt., but it is very irregular.

The company is burdened with a debt of nearly £200,000, and present profits are nearly entirely absorbed by the interest charges. When the market



improves, this debt will probably be capitalised, and by that time investors will have an opportunity of seeing at what rate the 100-stamp battery is likely to produce dividends for the increased capital. The East Rand holding in the New Comet is 92,909 shares.

We give a coupé of photographs taken by Mr. Law, the clever artist of the Argus Company, who is responsible for the political cartoons in the Johannesburg Star so greatly relished by President Kruger and his friends.

#### YANKEES.

The successes achieved by the Americans up to this point in their conflict with Spain have been reflected upon the market, and prices have continued the upward movement we referred to last week. We would advise our readers, however, not to be led away too much with this optimistic feeling, for, after all, it is chiefly the professional element that is responsible for the present buoyancy. The danger is that the market will go ahead too fast and become top-heavy, and, when any reverses take place, which is far from improbable, the inevitable slump will follow. Not that we have any fear as to what the ultimate result of the war will be, but we apprehend that everything is not going to work quite so harmoniously in favour of America as is expected in some quarters. Prices are still well under the highest point touched during the current year, but, unless operators for the rise are in a position to take up their purchases and sit tightly upon them, we fear that they may have rather an uncomfortable time of it before hostilities are actually completed. For those of our readers who can pay for what they buy, the present is not a bad time to pick up Yankee Rails.

#### MEXICAN RAILS.

The persistent fall of the Mexican exchange is militating considerably against the progress of this company and must be very discouraging to holders of these securities. Although the net revenue of the line for the half-year to Dec. 31 last showed an increase of 65,741 dollars as compared with the corresponding period of 1896, yet, owing to the depreciation of that same dollar, this result was neutralised, the amount of net revenue realised in sterling being £4920 less than in the half-year with which comparison is made. The average value of the Mexican dollar in the second half of 1897 was 22½d., compared with 25½d. in the corresponding half of 1896. Had the value remained at the average rate which ruled in the latter half of 1896, namely, 25½d., the net profit of the company would have realised £90,342 instead of £79,182, the stockholders being thus deprived by the fall in exchange of £11,160 on this one item. Owing to these adverse conditions, the various issues of the company have reacted, the Ordinary shares having fallen away about 7 points from the highest limit of the current year, the First Preference 11 points, and the Second Preference 9 points.

#### NEW SOUTH WALES DIAMONDS.

We made some remarks a few months ago upon the subject of the diamond-bearing ground of New South Wales, which, from the numerous letters we have received, appear to have excited considerable interest both in this country and in Australia. As we write we have before us cuttings and extracts from the *Australian Mining Standard*, together with a map of the Gwydir Valley district, and a long letter from a Melbourne gentleman who has spent three and a-half years, camped "under the shelter of a wagonette," in searching the district. Stripped of scientific language, the sum and substance of this gentleman's evidence appear to us to be that diamonds are found in superficial deposits of glacial origin, but that, as admitted by the Government geologist, Mr. Pitman, there is nothing to warrant the assertion that any true pipe of diamond-bearing ground has yet been discovered. We believe this to be the actual fact, and, until some further evidence is brought to us, we shall continue to warn our readers against investing in greatly over-capitalised English companies to exploit the alluvial diamond-ground of Bingera and its neighbourhood. Upon the same principle as that alluvial gold must have come from quartz reefs, it may be asserted there must be in the water-shed of the Gwydir Valley a pipe of volcanic clay from which the stones now found have come; but it will be time enough to ask the British investor to provide funds for systematic mining when this has been discovered.

#### THE WEST AUSTRALIAN MARKET TRUST.

On Wednesday last the creditors of this concern passed a resolution in favour of reconstruction, which, as they had not to provide the cash, but rather to receive it, is not to be wondered at. On Thursday a most enthusiastic meeting of shareholders almost passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Bottomley for the able manner in which he had brought about the late misfortunes of the company. The upshot of it all will be that the company will probably be wound up voluntarily and reconstructed, with a 4s. call upon the shares. From the point of view of either a creditor or shareholder, this is the best thing which can happen, and presents the greatest chance of minimising the loss which is bound to fall on somebody's shoulders whatever happens.

Let our readers dismiss from their minds all the silly talk about "criminal conspiracies," "wicked bears," and suchlike rubbish. The simple truth is that the Bottomley companies had bought more of each other's shares than they could pay for—nay, more than, even with the assistance of borrowed money, they could find the margin to pay for—hence these tears. If winding-up came now, there would be nothing for anybody; if the reconstruction can be got through, it is true the shareholders will have to fling a little good money after a good deal of bad; but, with any luck, aided by Mr. Bottomley's eloquence, there ought to be a reasonable chance of selling the new shares for something more than the 4s. call, and those who are not too greedy may be able to

save a trifle out of the wreck, especially if they will remember that the next smash will probably be the final one.

#### HOWELL AND JAMES.

The report of this unfortunate concern is again very miserable reading for the shareholders. With an old-established business, a fine shop in one of the best positions in London, and, as an outsider would imagine, every prospect of doing good trade, the year's working shows a loss of £856. Last year the debit balance was £534, and the net result for two years is a loss of over £1300, at a time when concerns like John Barker and Co., Peter Robinson, Jay, Liberty, and the rest are showing splendid profits. Never, probably, was a more eloquent example presented of the difference between the results accomplished by go-ahead, up-to-date management, and the old-fashioned ideas which have ruled in Howell and James'. The directors suggest that the 10s. of uncalled capital should be paid up, and, if this is done and the money judiciously laid out in advertising upon the scale and in the manner which has proved so successful in the case of rival concerns, we have no doubt that this good old business will be put upon its legs again.

#### ISSUES.

The Fine Cotton Spinners' and Doublers' Association, Limited, with a share and debenture capital of £6,000,000, is asking for public subscriptions on an issue of £4,000,000. To tell the honest truth, we are not in love with these gigantic combines, of which the English investor has had bitter experience with the Salt Union, the Alkali Union, and a host of others. The auditors' certificate shows as an average for three years actual profits of £230,000 a-year, and the purchase-price of £3,350,000 appears to us excessive. It is significant that no statement is made as to the last year, so that the investor is left quite in the dark as to whether he is embarking his money in a rising or declining business; but it is pretty certain that, if the auditors could have said that the last complete year was better than the preceding ones, they would have done so. We see no attractions in the venture such as should induce outsiders to apply for any of the securities offered.

Manchester Liners, Limited.—This concern, with Sir Christopher Furness as chairman, is formed to establish a line of steamers between Manchester and Canadian ports, and is no doubt part of the serious effort which is being made to develop the Manchester Ship Canal traffic. As a rule, successful shipping trade is carried on by private enterprise, especially in the inception of new lines, and, however advisable it may be for people interested in the Ship Canal to help that concern by subscribing, we see no reason for outsiders to risk their money on philanthropic grounds. We should like to know what was the contract price of the steamers which the company has the right to acquire for £90,000 each, and how much per ton the old boats to be purchased from Messrs. Elder, Dempster, and Co. would work out at. The prospectus contains a long list of names, not of persons who have applied for shares, but of persons who have promised to do so, which means nothing. If any investor likes to apply, by all means let him, but should such a one write to us later on and complain that he has got a bad egg, he will get scant pity.

The Lee-Metford Small Arms and Ammunition Company, Limited, with a share capital of £350,000 in shares of £1 each and £50,000 debentures, is an enterprise which, with war actually going on and rumours of wars on every hand, will, no doubt, appeal to the public. We do not understand upon what the debentures are secured, but that is a matter of detail which promoters cannot be expected to take much interest in. As a speculation, the shares may turn out well, but we are fairly confident that they will be picked up below issue price before there is any considerable rise.

Saturday, May 7, 1898.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

COLONIAL.—The concern was grossly over-capitalised, of course, and we doubt if on merits the shares are worth holding. Every year will probably reduce the semi-monopoly once enjoyed.

S. V.—We never give the names of brokers or outside dealers in this column, but it is very doubtful if you can find anyone to sell the shares for you. The underwriters got "stuck" with about 80 or 85 per cent., and some of them have resisted payment. Sell for what you can get—that is, if a buyer can be found.

W. H. N.—Your letter was answered on the 4th inst.

COYLTON.—(1) Of course the company can forfeit if the second call is not paid, but they have to give you notice of the intention to do so, usually fourteen days, before the forfeiture can take effect. (2) It would not be legal to do what you suggest. (3) Certainly. (4) No transfer is likely to be registered unless the arrears are paid. The fact that the company is a reconstructed one makes no difference.

H. CARLISLE.—Bonanza is one of the best mines on the Rand, but the area is small, and it is doubtful if the ore-contents of the ground will do more than return the present price in dividends. We were always advising purchase when the price was 2½ and 3.

J. P.—Your letter was answered on the 6th inst.

WOODCOCK.—We do not advise you to average at present prices. The mine is well situated, but the quantity of oxidised ore remaining is very questionable. The trouble all over Hannan's is that below two hundred feet the ore is very refractory, and nobody exactly knows what it will cost to treat, or how, short of smelting, it can be dealt with.

The Directors of the Sweetmeat Automatic Delivery Company, Limited, have declared an interim dividend for the quarter ending March 31, 1898, payable on June 1 next, at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum, the same as for the corresponding period of last year. The transfer books will be closed from May 16 to June 1, both dates inclusive.

The excursion season of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company has begun, and in the programme just out are announced cheap week-end tickets to be issued every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to all places on the South Coast from Hastings to Southsea inclusive, and to all places in the Isle of Wight, also to Dieppe, the Parisian's favourite seaside place on the Normandy coast. Cheap day excursions will be run every Monday to Brighton and the Isle of Wight, with, later in the season, a steamboat trip round the island in connection.